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BRAVE HEART.

BY H. M. B.

Brave heart, fight on,
Though weary of the heat and toil of striving,
Though wounded sore, though foes about thee throng,
Though fiercely overhead the storm be driving,
Let faith still nerve thine arm and keep thee strong,
Brave heart, fight on.

Brave heart, hope on,
Though failure seems to mock each true endeavor,
Though dark and cheerless loom the future years,
What though success thy grasp elude for ever,
And hope but shines through blinding heart-wrung tears,
Brave heart, hope on.

Brave heart, trust on,
Though light by light goes out and leaves thee groping,
Stay not to mourn besides thy broken reeds,
Heed not the pain, the trusting and the hoping
Day after day thy strength sustains and feeds—
Brave heart, trust on.

Brave heart, love on—
Love all thou canst, the fire the gold is proving—
In tranquil homes "beyond the golden west,"
One day, brave heart, thy hoping, trusting, loving,
Shall bring thee guerdon sweet—peace, joy, and rest!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

HE LOOKED down at the sweet face glowing with tender sympathy, and stooped and kissed her with sudden passion.

"My little helpmate," he said, his voice tremulous with feeling, "above all my other troubles has arisen the thought that, in losing everything else that helps to make life worth living, I ought to renounce you also."

"Tryan, Tryan!"

"I ought, Thir, my dear one, I ought! Things are even worse with me that I thought they were. I've been looking into matters a little, and I find that, when all is cleared up, my capital will amount to the stupendous sum of £3,000! What sort of a start can a man make with that in a new country? I shall have to work steadily inch by inch. Think of the years it will take me!"

"And what then?" asked Thir, her small figure very erect, her large eyes fixed steadily upon his. "And what then, Tryan?"

He shook his head and smiled down at her very tenderly.

"I know what that look means," he said; "but I ought not to let you do it, Thir—it is taking a mean advantage of you. Who or what am I that you should waste the very best and sweetest years of your life waiting for me, on the chance of my being able one day to make you my wife?"

"You are the man I love," she replied, almost breathless with excitement; "never mind what else you are, you are the man I love; and if you're going to throw me over, I'd just as soon make a finish of it at once, Tryan."

"Thir—my little Thir!" he murmured, drawing her to him, and soothing her as he would have soothed a child.

"It isn't that you want to get rid of me, is it, Tryan?" she asked, raising her flushed face presently.

"If you knew what it has cost me, the thought of losing you, you would not ask that question, mavourneen," he said sadly; and her face drooped upon his shoulder again and rested there, while she was wondering, doubting, fearing to say what was in her mind.

"If I were a rich woman, it would smooth things beautifully, wouldn't it?" she said presently, rather nervously.

"Why, no, dear one; I can't say that it would," he replied, with a momentary intonation of amusement in his voice. "I don't think I should find it easier to accept such a sacrifice as this of yours from a rich woman than from a poor one."

She grew pale, but said nothing. What was there to say in the circumstances? she wondered despairingly. Of course his obstinacy would have to be overcome somehow or other in the time to come, but beyond that bare fact she would not look at present.

Perhaps the course of events might help her; but, whether they did or not, she was absolutely determined not to allow their two lives to be spoilt through a ridiculous scruple of that kind.

"It is a dear old place," she remarked presently, with a gesture towards the house. "Won't you take me over it some day, Tryan, and talk of those renovations you were speaking about?"

"Some day—when I have seen your aunts and gone through the form of asking them for you. Don't you think they will be amazed at my imprudence when they learn the truth about my prospects? Perhaps they will be indignant and order me out of the house."

"No—they will not dream of interfering in the affair," she assured him. "On such a subject my will would be theirs in any case; but, as things are, I believe they will be honestly delighted. They will be glad to get rid of me at any price, I should judge, for I have stirred them up considerably since I came here."

"You have made them ten years younger, at any rate," he said smilingly.

"Oh, I had forgotten, though!" she exclaimed. "There is one point on which they will be disappointed—they had made up their minds that you were to marry Dora Valland!"

Tryan flushed and looked annoyed.

"Had they that idea, too? I can't think why. There has never been the faintest approach to love-making between us. I'm quite sure that Dora herself, and the Rector too, would be intensely annoyed if they knew of such a rumor."

Thir made no remark; but there was a very doubtful expression on her face which he did not see.

"At all events, there will be an end of it when people know how things are between you and me," he continued; "and for that reason, if for no other, I will discuss matters with your aunts at the earliest moment possible. I have to go up to London for a few days to see the lawyers. I start to-morrow, and shall be back, at the latest, in a week; would that be too soon, Thir?"

"No, dear; whatever will suit you will please me."

"What a submissive little speech," he said, raising her face and smiling into her eyes as if he were not quite satisfied with her answer—"not a bit like one from the strong-willed little tyrant that you are! If that far-away dream of ours ever comes to be realized, I wonder how much of that submission you will bring with you when you come out to share my backwoodsman's hut in Canada, little helpmate?"

"There will be plenty of time to talk about that between now and then," she declared, with a nervous laugh. "We are neither of us there yet. Sakes, Tryan, there goes seven o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How am I to get back over the garden wall? The servants will be down."

Tryan reassured her. There was a footpath through the plantations which brought them out by a door in the wall some distance beyond the village, quite close to the railway station. He had the door key with him; he would let her through, and she could stroll quietly along the road home, in all probability without meeting a soul.

Little did she dream then in what circumstances she would find herself when next she heard of this near out from the Hall to the railway station.

To Thir that week of Tryan's absence seemed the longest of her existence. As the days passed, she found herself possessed by a thousand absurd doubts and fears. Something would happen to her sweetheart, and she would never see him again.

No—he would return in safety, but so crushed by his week's struggle among the lawyers and money-lenders that he would finally insist upon her accepting her freedom.

Or, again, they would only go through the ordeal of publicly announcing their engagement, to have it broken off again immediately when he heard of that objectionable money of hers.

All sorts of fancies and fears plagued her, each one worse than the last, until she saw Tryan turn in the gate at Dale Cottage on the very evening of his return, then, while she and her aunts were still at dinner, an overwhelming excitement siezed her, and she rushed first at one and then at the other, and threatened and kissed and scolded and coaxed them until she had succeeded in scaring them nearly out of their wits.

"He is crushed into the very earth with all the worry and trouble he has been going through; remember that, dear, and be good to him!" she cried, hugging Miss Gunter lightly. "Remember that he knows nothing about my money, and you are not to tell him: remember that his life for the last five years has been a period of sacrifices and disappointments, and don't add another to them by receiving him coldly! Remember that, if you are disagreeable to him, it will hurt me millions and millions of times more than if you were disagreeable to me. And remember, too, Aunt Carry, that I love him—I love him—I love him with every bit of love that is in me—and that I mean to marry him and make his life happy, no matter what happens! So now go, you darling little women, and be just as sweet as maple sugar to him, unless you want me to shake the lives out of you!"—and she took the two dazed breathless little gentlewomen by the shoulders and forced them bodily across the hall, to the scandal of Merritt, who had only just closed the drawing room door upon Tryan.

Then she ran away to the kitchen garden, and walked up and down the long straight path which divided the strawberry-bed into halves, at a speed which might have suggested that she was engaged in a match against time—a performance which Merritt and the cook watched from the back-kitchen window in wide-eyed astonishment, for the maids at Dale Cottage were hardly yet reconciled to Thir's eccentricities.

When the drawing room door opened to admit Thir's aunts, in spite of all his anxieties Tryan could hardly express his laughter, so scared and bewildered did the old ladies look. He saw at once that Thir had prepared them for his visit, and he plunged into the subject at once.

"But, if Thir has broken the ground for me," he went on, after he had made his actual declaration and they were beginning to recover from their surprise—"if she has told you the reason of my visit this evening—I don't suppose she has told you a single thing that might weigh against me with you. Has she told you that I am really as poor as a church-mouse—that she will possibly have to wait for years until I can make a home for her?"

"No—she has told us nothing," said Miss Gunter. "Ten minutes ago we hadn't the faintest suspicion that she—that you, in fact—that you cared for each other. And really, you know, Mr. Cambray, it is very confusing to have news of this sort rush down upon one like an express train—especially just after dinner, when one's brain is not in the most active condition! Thirza is so very impulsive, and she has been here only three months; and—and—altogether——"

"Oh, but we are quite delighted about it!" declared Miss Carry, taking advantage of her sister's pause for breath. "My sister is too astonished just yet to know her own feelings; but we shall be very glad as soon as we have got over our surprise, Mr. Cambry. And, as for your waiting for years—why, that is nonsense! Thir——"

But Miss Gunter saw whither Carry was going and stopped her.

"Leave Thirza and Mr. Cambray to make their own arrangements, Carry; otherwise we shall mar more than we make. Carry is right, Mr. Cambray—we are both delighted—de-lighted!"

"Thank you, my dear Miss Gunter!" murmured Tryan, quite overcome by this unexpected cordiality, and pressing her outstretched hand in warmest gratitude.

"Yes," cried Carry, too excited to notice that she was violating her sister's long-established monopoly of every conversation—"we are delighted, both of us! If my poor sister Sophia had lived," she went on, her emotion carrying her away under the influence of the moment, "I am certain she would have given her daughter to you with the greatest confidence. Such a son as you have been is bound to be a good husband too!"

"My dear Caroline!" exclaimed Miss Gunter, looking rather scandalized as tears filled her sister's pretty eyes.

"Yes—I suppose I'm an old fool," said Carry, with a tremulous smile; "but this event has taken me back to my own youth again. Tryan Cambray, my dear, I should like to kiss you!"

"My dear Miss Caroline," cried Tryan, strangely moved by the little lady's unusual emotion and kissing her hands reverently as he bent his head to receive her caress, "if you only knew how proud you make me!"

"Ah, well, you'll be prouder still when our little Thir is your wife!" she replied, smiling through her tears. "Come, Mary, my dear—let us go and send Thir to this impatient young man; I can see he is longing to get rid of us!"

And she led the way promptly from the room, followed meekly by her elder sister, who was too surprised by Caroline's unexpected assertion to do anything but quietly take the second place.

CHAPTER IX.

AS THIR had anticipated, there came a time, after the excitement of the moment had passed away, when her aunts recalled the old generally-accepted impression of an existing attachment between Dora Valland and Tryan Cambray

When Miss Gunter alluded to this matter, the sisters looked askance at each other.

"We must have been mistaken, I suppose," said Miss Carry, trying, as usual, to make things comfortable for everybody, and unwilling to believe that Thir's happiness could be secured only at the price of Dora's pain.

"Mistaken?" echoed Miss Gunter. "If we have been, all I can say is that it has been a very general mistake, and, what is more, Dora herself has done her best to bring it about. She has persistently encouraged the belief that there was a thorough understanding between Tryan Cambray and herself."

"And Tryan," queried Miss Carry anxiously, with her usual reliance on her sister's discernment — "has he encouraged the idea too, Mary?"

"No," answered Miss Gunter slowly; "now one thinks of it, I can't remember that he has. Poor Dora must have been mistaken all along, Carry; she must have misconstrued Tryan's friendliness. Well, I'm very sorry for her; this news of Thir's engagement will be an awful blow to her!"

Miss Carry sighed. She could feel for Dora, for she had a sad little history of her own locked away in the shadowy hiding places of her memory; she knew what a disappointment of this kind meant, and she wondered very sorrowfully if Dora too would lose all her force of character under the ordeal, and become such another as herself, pliant and yielding, having no real interests of her own in life, and only finding solace in doing her best to lighten the troubles of others.

"Yes," she said, sighing—"an awful blow! I think, Mary, it would be better if we took our news to the Rectory first of all; we can break it gradually to the poor child, and save her the trial of hearing it promiscuously from somebody else."

"Oh, yes—on all grounds our first visit should be to the Rectory, I think!" Miss Gunter agreed.

Immediately after luncheon the next day, pleased to have an excuse to leave Tryan to be entertained by Thir, the two old ladies went to pay their visit to Miss Valland.

When they reached the Rectory, they discovered that Mrs. Poplett and her son had been lunching there, and they could find no opportunity for their disclosure until the afternoon was well advanced.

When they arrived, Dora was listening to Sidney Poplett's conversation in the drawing room, and the others were strolling round the empty flower beds outside the window, as if they found the October sunshine thoroughly enjoyable.

Dora rose with an air of relief at their entrance.

"You have just come in time to save Mr. Poplett and me from yawning in each other's faces," she said—a remark which brought such a stricken look to Pop's fair, candid face that Miss Caroline set about comforting him at once.

"You see, I have not Mrs. Poplett's happy adaptability," continued Dora, turning to Miss Gunter, and glancing through the open window, where the Rector and his guest were pacing round the lawn, evidently deeply interested in each other's society.

"Theological arguments," she continued, "arrangements for heating the church, or the latest piece of barrack gossip—it is all one to her; while I am utterly at a loss as soon as Mr. Poplett begins his mess-table talk. It must be delightful to be able to make oneself agreeable all the way round, as Mrs. Poplett seems to. Don't you think so Miss Gunter?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the old lady, wondering why the smile with which Dora finished her speech, reminded her of a picture she had seen somewhere of a single ray of sunshine falling upon an iceberg, and making it glint and sparkle from out its surrounding gray mist. "To be able to make oneself agreeable is certainly a great gift. You don't often fail that way, I should think, Dora!"

Dora shrugged her shoulders and smiled her cold smile again.

"Perhaps not when I wish to succeed," she said, letting her voice sink a little; "but there is a limit to everyone's endurance, you know, and I think it is rather hard on a young woman of my age that she should be driven to act the part of daisy-picker to her own father!"

"My dear Dora!" exclaimed Miss Gunter, shocked by the bitter contempt in the young lady's tone.

"If you doubt me, look for yourself," said Dora, with another glance at the handsome middle aged couple on the lawn. "It is high time I began to think about a definite settlement of my own affairs, unless I can resign myself to the rule of a stepmother. And I'm afraid I should not find it easy to be happy as a nobody in my father's house after my nine years of absolute rule."

"Of course, if it really is so, you would be bound to feel it very much," observed Miss Gunter, glancing round to assure herself that Sidney Poplett was beyond earshot.

"It certainly is so," declared Dora harshly; "or, rather, if it is not so already, it surely will be so as soon as Mrs. Poplett chooses. Twice last week my father went over to Beverly on the flimsiest of excuses; and this afternoon I learned from that empty-headed noodle yonder that on both occasions he spent the whole time with Mrs. Poplett."

"Well, I think she is a very amiable lady," ventured Miss Gunter, willing to make peace; but Dora flashed such a look upon her that she paused abruptly in considerable dismay.

"Amiable?" Faugh—how I hate that word?" cried Miss Valland, setting her teeth fiercely, and striking her hand passionately against the window frame. "I don't believe in those sweetly placid people! As a rule, you find they are amiable just as long as it is not worth their while to assert themselves. Let anyone really interfere with their pleasure or comfort, and they are just as selfish and as self-willed as anybody else. Mrs. Poplett and I would not exist in the same house for a week. There would be deadly mischief between us in half the time!"

"Well, I am sorry," replied Miss Gunter, with friendly warmth, hiding her astonishment at her companion's outburst as well as she could. "What will you do? Have you made any plans yet?"

"Oh, yes—hurry on my marriage," replied Dora. "It will be a very quiet wedding you know, and, in the circumstances, people will excuse a little haste."

"Of course—yes, certainly they will," stammered Miss Gunter vacantly, not daring to put the question she longed to ask. "And that reminds me that our visit to you to-day was paid for the express purpose of—— Oh, your father has seen me at last! My news will keep until we are alone, my dear."

Several times during the hour of conventional chatter which followed Dora Valland caught Miss Gunter watching her in a surreptitious fashion, almost as if she were some new zoological specimen the manners and habits of which were matters of the greatest interest. Dora thought she understood what it meant, and to some extent she did.

Miss Gunter had been shocked by the unusual display of temper on the part of the Rector's daughter. After accepting her all these years as the model of everything a young woman should be, she had been astonished to find her as fallible as the rest of her sex.

Dora was coldly angry with herself for her outburst of spleen; but circumstances had been very trying for her that day.

Early in the morning she had heard that Tryan had gone straight to Dale Cottage on his arrival from London the preceding night. If she could, she would have persuaded herself that it was a mere chance visit; but she knew better.

She knew that Tryan always carried a key of the plantation door on his bunch, and she also knew that it was his invariable custom to go home from the railway station through the plantations, instead of walking along the Hull road, which was a much longer rout.

Tryan would not have gone so far out of his way without some definite purpose in view. What was that definite purpose? Was it to call upon Thir Bright before he had called upon any of his older and more intimate friends?

Then, on the top of this disquieting incident, had come her father's demand to prepare a special luncheon for the reception of Mrs. Poplett and her son, and, later on, the awakening to the fact of her parent's obvious infatuation for the calm, handsome, self-satisfied widow, and the discovery of his constant visits to that lady.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that under these vexations her usual self-control had given away, and she had allowed Miss Gunter to gain that peep beneath the calm surface of her habitual manner into the turbulent depths below.

She had recovered her usual stately calm now however, and, watching her graceful attention to her guests as she presided at the afternoon-tea, Miss Gunter could hardly believe that the passionate scene by the window had actually occurred; she almost felt as if it had been a trick of her own imagination.

But what troubled her a great deal more even than this display of an unsuspected temper was Dora's allusion to her marriage. There was a dim suspicion lurking in Miss Gunter's mind—a suspicion which she would not look fairly in the face—that Dora was trying to delude herself into the belief that, Mr. Cambray was dead, Tryan would marry her.

Miss Gunter would gladly have avoided the task of shattering this day-dream, but, since it had to be done, the sooner it was over the better, and she waited with impatience until Mrs. Poplett's departure should give her the opportunity she needed.

Sidney had driven his mother over from Beverley, and, when the high dog cart in which his youthful soul delighted came round to the Rectory gate, it was still quite early in the afternoon. They all strolled round to the front of the house to see the start, Sidney contriving to fall a little behind with Dora, in spite of her efforts to avoid this arrangement.

"Something has put you out this afternoon," he said, in his frank boyish way. "I hope it's nothing that I have done, Miss Valland? I'd rather break my neck in the very next regimental steeplechase than have you vexed with me!"

"How superbly romantic!" she observed, with a chilly smile, which brought a bright flush to his fair face. "I feel very much flattered to think my vexation is a matter of such importance to you, Mr. Poplett."

"Will you tell me what it was?" he asked very humbly. "Don't say you weren't vexed," he added, as she shook her head, "because I should make up my mind then that I was the cause of your anger, and you did not choose to tell me. I've met you only three times, Miss Valland, and yet I've got to know every look on your face as well as I know the sergeant's words of command on the drill-ground. You've been as kind and polite as an angel all the afternoon to my mother and me, and yet you've been so angry all the time that I've been wretched, wondering if it was our coming that put you out so."

"Well, really," began Dora, laughing to hide her discomposure at his unexpected penetration.

"And I've been counting so much on this visit!" he went on, scarcely conscious of her interruption. "Ever since the Rector asked us, I've not been able to attend properly to a thing. If Miller hadn't been one of the best-natured fellows going, I should have had it hot from the Major the other day for a neglect of duty; and it was all because my head was so full of this visit that I could think of nothing else."

Dora looked at him pensively. She was wondering if it would ever have been possible to bring herself to care for him if she had not known and loved Tryan Cambray.

Sidney Poplett was everything that most young women desired in a lover; with his regular features, his clear, bright skin and blue eyes; his well-set shoulders, and his general appearance of sleek prosperity; and yet, when she asked herself that question, she thought of another pair of blue eyes—so dark that they looked nearly black under their thick lashes—another pair of shoulders, less well-set, perhaps, but with a free, easy carriage which had a grace of its own.

She compared the voices too—Tryan's low, full, and penetrating, and curiously vibrating when under the influence of emotion. Sidney's frank and honest, but too monotonously eager, so that its eagerness ceased to impress—and then she laughed at herself for making the comparison at all.

How could she hold the balance between this boyish acquaintance of six weeks' standing and the man she had loved all her life, and would continue to love as long as her heart beat within her.?

"I don't believe you are listening to a word I'm saying, Miss Valland, and my mother has called me half a dozen times! My leave begins next week, and I had promised my mother to spend it at Pau with her before—before—in fact, before I met you at all; and now——"

"Now you will go to Pau with Mrs. Poplett as you have arranged," interposed Dora. "We shall not run away in the meantime, you know. When you come back again next month, you will find us here among the rusty bracken and the mists and the falling leaves, and you will want to be off again to the warmth and the bright sunshine of the South."

"Sunshine!" he muttered. "I shall never see the sunshine there, Miss Valland."

But she laughed lightly and refused to understand his meaning, walking on determinedly towards the gate, where the rest of the party were waiting.

The Rector looked rather disturbed as he watched the high dog cart whirl down the road until it turned the bend and the Cambray plantations hid it from sight.

"It is as well they have started early," he said; and Dora noticed the tone of anxiety in his voice. "Sidney is rather a wild driver to trust oneself with in the dark."

"They will be home before five," observed Dora, with palpable indifference.

"Before five!" observed Miss Caroline. "Why, Beverley is seven miles by the road!"

"But these military men think nothing of driving twelve miles an hour, Miss Caroline," replied Dora smoothly, "and their women-kind like fast traveling as much as men. I don't think Mrs. Poplett would care to be condemned to jog along behind our amiable old Dominie for the rest of her life."

She turned away as she shot her little shaft, and glanced up the road toward the High Street.

Miss Gunter, aware of the touch of consciousness in the Rector's face and manner, rushed valiantly to the rescue.

"I have quite a piece of news for you, Mr. Valland," she began, glad to know that Dora's face was turned away: "we came on purpose to tell you, but I waited because I did not want Mrs. Poplett to carry it back to Beverley with her—in fact, I think Tryan will rather have it kept to our own particular circle for a little while yet."

"Tryan?" echoed the Rector, with an air of pleased interest. "I hope it is good news if it concerns Tryan; he needs it badly!"

"Well, I hope you may think it good news. He is going to marry our niece, Thir Bright!"

Both the ladies heard the irrepressible exclamation from the graceful young woman leaning over the gate behind them, but they were careful not to glance in that direction as they moved slowly towards the house.

"That is news, indeed," said Mr. Valland, in his heartiest manner, "and good news into the bargain! That bright little creature will be the very wife for our poor boy; she will be a fortune in herself! The very woman to brighten him up, and make life worth living, after all he has borne and suffered these last ten years. And he will love his wife very tenderly, I think, Miss Gunter. I can venture to congratulate you upon your niece's good fortune also."

"Yes, we are very pleased, though it seems a little hurried, perhaps," murmured Miss Gunter.

"Hurried? Nonsense!" exclaimed the Rector. "These things don't take a lifetime to mature!"

Then, as if reminded of some personal matter, he turned suddenly to look for Dora, but she was not within sight.

"Where is Dora?" he asked. "She will be delighted to hear this news; they have always been such excellent friends, Tryan and she. We were talking about his future only last night, and regretting his inevitable departure. He is the most popular man between here and Hull. How will his marriage affect that plan, Miss Gunter? Will he take his wife with him to Canada?"

Miss Gunter, her mind relieved of a load of distress by the Rector's easy reception of her news, continued the discussion of future possibilities for the young people with so much animation that Dora's sudden disappearance passed without further comment, until it was time for the old ladies to start for home.

"She must have been called away on parish business, I suppose," said the Rector. With the exception of sharing the services, Miss Valland did more work in her father's parish than any ordinary curate could have done. "It is strange her going like that, without a word, though. I dare say you will overtake her before you reach home. When you see Tryan, tell him to come and get my congratulations first hand."

But the Misses Gunter did not overtake Miss Valland on their homeward way, for the very sufficient reason that she had not taken that road. When she heard the announcement of Tryan's engagement, she was unable to stifle her first cry of distress; but, that one indiscretion over, she put an iron curb upon herself, and stood with her arms still resting on the gate, her eyes fixed immovably upon the

blank side wall of the cottage which stood at the corner of the village High Street.

So still was she that she scarcely seemed to breathe; and so she remained, her suffering betraying itself only in her eyes, until she knew, by the fading away of her father's voice, that he and his guests had passed out of sight round the corner of the house. Then she stood erect again, and, opening the gate, walked away quickly and resolutely in the direction of the Hall.

At that moment the thought of gloves or other conventionalities never entered her head. In Dora Valland's mind there was room for one line of thought only—Tryan's marriage and the determination to prevent it. So absorbed was she by the one idea that she bestowed no thought upon the consequences; her brain, unbalanced by her maddening jealousy, worked round and round in the one narrow circle. "He shall not marry Thirza Bright! This marriage shall never take place so long as I can live to stop it!"

That was the sum total of her argument, and she never strayed beyond it; again and again she muttered the poor pitiful vindictive words, as if by the very reiteration of them to prevent herself from swerving from the fulfilment of her evil intentions.

She hurried on down the half mile of road between the Hall and the Parsonage, with her vengeful stormy gaze fixed upon the gloomy prospect ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left but once, and that was when she reached the spot where the quarry path turned off. She glanced up then at the quarry—a swift, vivid, burning glance of remembrance and recognition.

"I can prevent it—and I will!" she said aloud, with the fierce light in her eyes intensified.

Then she turned her face towards the Hall again, and went on, heedless alike of the sodden damp of the dead leaves beneath her feet, the loneliness of the road, and the chilliness of the mists gathering around her—straight on, as direct and unswerving as destiny itself, bent only, in her blind unbridled passion, upon wrecking the lives and happiness of two people, ignorant and perhaps heedless as to whether in wrecking their happiness she might not far more irretrievably wreck her own. With her the cry was not so much, "What matters who falls if I stand?" as, "What matters who stands if only they fall?"

CHAPTER X.

TRYAN CAMBRAY was very much surprised when Costigan opened the library door and announced Miss Valland; and his surprise deepened when he saw her.

The room was not yet lighted, but even in the dusk he could see the sullen sombre flash in her eyes, set in her dead-white rigid face.

He saw too that she had no wrap on over her plain black serge gown—worn out of respect for her father—no gloves on her long slim white hands, and only her garden hat on her head—saw, in fact, unmistakable signs of haste and agitation about her. He rose quickly from the paper-strewn table before him, and went with outstretched hands to meet her.

"Bring the lamp, Costigan!" he called out, as the old man closed the door behind him; but Dora interposed to reverse the order.

"Not just yet, Tryan, please," she requested; and at the sound of her own voice she started and looked behind her, as if she almost believed it was somebody else who spoke; "I would rather tell you what I have to tell in the firelight."

"As you please," he replied, looking sideways at her as he took her over to the fire and drew forward an easy-chair. He broke up the coals until the dancing leaping flames lighted the room with fitful flashes; then he turned and looked openly at the still stately figure in the chair. "Shall it be tea?" he asked in his ordinary manner; and, when she shook her head, he said gently, "What has gone wrong, Dora? There is trouble, I can see. Is it anything I can help in?"

She raised her eyes to his face, kind and friendly above her, and sometimes she saw there brought back all the past five years of their lives with a rush, and obliterated for a moment the utter awakening of the past half-hour.

With an involuntary movement, she started to her feet, placed her hands upon his shoulders and her white eager face close to his.

"All these years I have believed that you loved me," she said softly, and only knew what she had done when she saw the blood rush into his face and felt the slight instinctive shrinking of his shoulders under her touch.

She raised her hands then, as if the contact burnt them, and turned quickly and made for the door.

"No, no," he cried—"not like that, Dora, after being such friends as we have been!"

She stopped suddenly, half-way across the room, and turned slowly towards him.

"Friends!" she echoed contemptuously, and then laughed a bitter laugh and came back quietly and stood on the rug facing him. "I shocked you just now," she said. "Oh, yes, I did! Don't trouble to tell a polite falsehood about it; your blush was for me, not for yourself! It serves me right for beginning in the wrong place. I should have started by telling you that I heard this afternoon of your engagement to Miss Bright."

"I am glad of that!" he exclaimed; and indeed the look of relief in his eyes fully confirmed his words. "I begin to see now. You were determined to be first with your good wishes. It was just like you, Dora!"

But, with a swift imperious sweep of her arm, she brushed aside his attempt to restore the interview to a commonplace footing.

"I came to bring no good wishes," she said. "I don't wish this marriage well—I never shall; on the contrary, if my will or deed can prevent it, you shall never marry this girl!"

In the extremity of his astonishment, he stepped back a little to get a better view of the expression on her face.

"You will prevent it?" he gasped. "You of all people—the woman I have always thought of more as a sister than a friend!"

"It is an insult to speak to me like that," she cried, losing her sullen calm for a moment, and facing him with flashing eyes and quivering lips and nostrils—"an insult! You never treated me as men treat their sisters; you never felt towards me as men feel toward their sisters! And I never felt a sister's love for you! It was something different—altogether different! If your fickle fancy had not been caught by a new face and new arts and trickeries, this fable of brotherly love would never have been hinted at. So long as it pleased you, you have made use of me as a diversion for your dull hours; and now, when the newer attraction offers itself, you think to toss me aside and go negligently on your way, forgetful of my very existence. But you shall not find it easy, Tryan! Do you think I am the kind of woman to stand by quietly and see another girl appropriate my lover without a word of remonstrance, or without an effort to take my own part? Do you, Tryan?"

His mind was in such a maze of distress and regret that he did not notice that she had addressed a question to him, and she had to repeat it several times before he answered her.

Had he really done this dastardly thing of which she accused him? Had he, from sheer carelessness, ever given her room so to misconstrue his feelings for her? If he had, Heaven only knew how unintentionally it had been done.

But, alas, that made it no easier for her to bear.

"Do I look like a woman who would stand that sort of thing quietly? Answer me, Tryan!"

"Dora, my dear, what am I to say to you?" he asked, standing before her like a culprit, with bent head and eyes fixed in a troubled gaze upon the leaping flames. "I would far sooner have gone without the pleasant friendship of the past five years, great as the loss would have been, than have this misunderstanding happen; but it is done, and what can I say or do that will lighten or lessen the misfortune? If I have acted as you say—if it is my conduct that has brought about this fatal mistake, I am ready to go upon my knees and beg you to forgive me for making you so miserable. If I had only known—if I had only guessed!"

"You know how!" she exclaimed vehemently.

"Yes," he replied, without looking up—"I know now, when it is too late."

She stepped swiftly towards him, with quickening breath and trembling lips.

"Do you mean that you—are already married?" she panted, in sudden overwhelming fear.

"Married? Good heavens—no!" he returned.

"Then it is not too late; Miss Bright must be made to understand!"

He raised his head at that.

"Dora, dear girl, don't make things harder for me than they are," he said gently. "Unintentionally I have done you a cruel wrong; would you have me try to set it right by repeating the offence—knowingly this time—against the girl I have asked to be my wife?"

"I would have you break off your engagement with Thirza Bright!" she said, with an inflexible hardness of face and voice.

He looked at her, as if her state of mind was incomprehensible to him.

"That I shall never do!" he said, in a quiet self contained way which conveyed the idea of unswerving decision, and made her flinch visibly and put her hands over her face. The movement brought back his gentleness in an instant. "Why do you make me pain you?" he murmured repentantly. "Why should we go on paining each other like this? I will send for Mrs. Ellerton—she will see to you—and Costigan shall drive you home. Say 'Good-bye,' Dora! The trouble will pass, dear. Women like you don't break their hearts for fellows of my stamp; you will meet somebody more worthy of you than a blundering fool like me, and then you will open your eyes and wonder at your own past folly. I was going to Hull next week to stay; now I will go to-morrow, and get myself out of your way. Just say that you forgive me, dear girl, that you bear no ill-will. It will be a long time before I forgive myself. Be friends, Dora, as we used to say long ago!"

He put his hand softly upon her shoulder as he spoke—the old childish form of reconciliation; and as if the touch maddened her, she sprang back and threw him off in uncontrollable rage.

"Be friends? No! I don't think you and I will ever be friends again so long as we live! You won't give up Thirza Bright? Then she shall take the initiative and give you up! She shall never be your wife!"

"What do you mean?" he asked quietly, noting her theatrical attitude and feeling oddly repelled by it. In some curious way it seemed to him that he now saw the real Dora Valland for the first time. The calm, slow-speaking, stately young woman of the past five years was a mere make-believe; this panting, passionate, vengeful woman was the true Dora Valland, who had lurked all these years behind a calm, emotionless, beautiful mask. A sudden sense of aversion fell upon him as he realised how thoroughly he had been deceived all this time; and, to some extent, this feeling dulled the keen edge of his regrets. "Do you mean to threaten me, Dora?"

"That is just what I do mean!" she panted. "If you won't give up this marriage voluntarily, I will force you to give it up, or I will make it impossible for her to marry you!"

"And how will you set about it?" he inquired, with a grave quiet interest, deciding in his own mind that it was far easier to face her in her rage than in her gentler mood.

"That is a secret I will tell you only in her presence," she said, speaking in a labored halting manner, as if her passion were choking her.

"That sounds very melodramatic, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you may laugh at me, Tryan Cambray—you may confess to be amused at my excitement; but I would wait a little if I were you—I would not laugh until I was sure I could afford to do so!"

"But, my dear Dora," he began; but she would not listen to him.

"Don't adopt that tone to me!" she exclaimed. "I am not a naughty child, to be soothed back into a good temper again! Answer me one question? Will you find means to break off this engagement with Thirza Bright?"

"Really it is too absurd!"

"Answer me—'Yes' or 'No?'"

"Dora, listen to reason! Don't make me act like a brute to you——"

"'Yes' or 'No?'"

"Then 'No!' Nothing could induce me —— Where are you going?"

"Straight to her! This engagement shall be broken off before I sleep to-night!"

She swept from the room in a whirl of rage which terrified him. He hastened after her, seizing a cap as he passed the stand in the hall, and running back the next moment to take a light driving rug from one of the chairs, which he tried to persuade her to wrap round her shoulders as soon as they reached the road. But she repulsed him mutely, and held on her headlong way down the road and through the dimly-lighted village street, without once pausing until she reached the gate of Miss Gunter's little house.

She stopped there, with her clenched hand pressed hard upon her heaving bosom, and turned a livid face towards him.

"Give up this marriage," she muttered huskily—"give it up and let me go home with my secret unsaid!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

FUNERAL RINGS.—Down to the present century rings were frequently given away in England and France at funerals of noted persons, and in old wills are found provisions for rings to be distributed at the funeral of the donor.

WANTED TO SING BASS.—Ferrari, the celebrated composer, relates the following anecdote in his memoirs: On a cold December night a man in a little village in the Tyrol opened the window and stood in front of it, with hardly any clothing to his back. "Peter!" shouted a neighbor, who was passing, "what are you doing there?" "I'm catching a cold." "What for?" "So I can sing bass to-morrow at church."

IN MEXICO.—Christmas is not celebrated in Mexico with a tree, but with a pinata. The latter is a large earthen vessel, gaily decorated and filled with toothsome dainties and candles, hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. The children are blindfolded and armed with sticks to break the jug, and when it is shattered they throw off their masks and scramble for the scattered goodies. Presents are then distributed and dancing follows.

BOW-SHOOTING.—The bow died hard. Firelocks were introduced into England in 1446, and a quarter of a century later, when Edward IV. landed at Ravensburgh Castle, he had among his troops three hundred Flemings armed with "hange gunnes." The fact is nevertheless indisputable that as late as the reign of Henry VIII. English faith in the long yew bow and the cloth-yard shaft displayed little sign of being shaken. The Guyenne expedition of 1512 was half composed of archers, and Flodden was a victory of the English bowmen. Indeed as late as 1631 the practice of archery was still occasionally enforced on train-bands, while early in this century there were actually Russian troops armed with this by no means ineffective weapon.

IN JAPAN.—The divinity that "doth hedge a king," was so great amongst the ancient Japanese, that the Mikado was regarded almost as an immortal. He might not wash, walk, or appear in public, men carrying him from room to room, and his attendants washing him whilst he slept. In another Eastern country, Cambodia, it meant death to touch the king. When the French occupied the country they gave the king a carriage, in which, shortly afterwards, he was upset in one of the streets of his capital. The king fell upon his back and weighted down by some of the wreckage was unable to get up. None of the courtiers dared to help him, but stood round, panic-stricken, and had not some French soldiers raised him he would undoubtedly have died—a victim of senseless etiquette.

BICYCLES.—Bicycles have been put to many purposes besides that for which they were originally invented, but it was reserved for the late Sultan of Morocco to use them as a means of punishment. A number of bicycles were presented to him by an official of the French Government, and His Shereefian Majesty immediately used them as instruments of torture for any of the ladies of his harem who had had the misfortune to offend him. The unfortunate women were placed on the machines and compelled to ride round a marked track in the palace gardens. Naturally they fell repeatedly to the ground, their sudden descent causing the Sultan the greatest amusement. When they had rolled in the dust a dozen times the punishment was complete, and they were allowed to return to the palace to heal their bruises as best they might.

CORSETS.—It will be a surprise to many readers to learn the corsets were invented and first worn by men. The earliest mention in history of this article of apparel is by Aristophanes, who lived in the fifth century B. C. In one of his comedies he ridicules a brother-poet, who, inordinately vain of his personal beauty, was dissatisfied with the shape of his figure, which was far removed from ideal symmetry, being much too thin for his height. He therefore hit upon the plan of improving his physique by encasing his body in an under-cuirass, made of little pieces of wood. The idea was imitated later on by another man, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who found great difficulty in persuading the Roman women to follow his example. At first women's corsets only encircled the waist, the first great lady to wear them, in a shape somewhat similar to those of the present day, being the famous Catharine de Medicis.

HOW MIGHTY.

BY O. O.

Wide hazel eyes are ever a-beaming—
All for the love of me!
Tresses they shimmer in amber gleaming,
Like gold on a harvest-sea.
There's mingling of lips,
While fleetingly slips
The hour, like a gold-zoned bee;
Yet she doth not speak,
Lest the spell may break
Of her deep, still love for me.

Cheeks, like the wild dog-rose, are blushing
All for the love of me!—
Like o'erturned crimson wine, that's flushing
On floors of ivory.
The soul that is rare,
And the face that's fair,
Are yearning alike for me;
And I love her well—
Ah, how shall I tell
How mighty my love may be?

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED.)

HE LOOKED, almost, as it seemed, for the first time, at Stannard. He was standing, leaning against the piano, his hands gripping it behind his back. His face was like a mask, vacant of all expression; the pale eyes quite dull, as if he were in a state of coma.

Heriot raised his hand and pointed at him.

"He told you!" he said. "What else has he told you? Has he told you who committed the murder? He could have done so, for he knows! Look at him!"

They were all looking at him; but Stannard appeared to be quite unconscious of the wondering stare.

The Earl passed his hand across his brow.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Stannard has just come back from the place where he found you in hiding. He brought back with him your confession, your declaration of repentance and promise of reformation. Why have you come back?"

Heriot drew himself up and set his lips tightly, as if he were trying to control himself.

"I have come back to clear my honor and my name—to clear yours. I have come back to unmask the vilest scoundrel that ever drew breath. I made no confession, send no message to you! It is true he found me; but it was only on the day I saw him that I learnt from an old newspaper the charge that had been brought against me."

A cry of amazement, and indeed of incredulity, rose from most of the listeners.

The Earl stared at him.

"You did not know——"

"No," said Heriot; "I left England on the morning after the murder. I saw no paper—heard nothing of it from anyone. Do you think that I should have remained skulking out of sight, like the villain some of you thought me, if I had known? Why should you think me such a cur, sir? I am your son!"

For the first time the deep voice trembled with an accent other than that of anger.

The Earl trembled.

"My God!" he cried, "what am I to do?"

"Believe me," responded Heriot. "Deal out common justice to me! Have I ever lied to you? With all my faults—and God knows they are many, and black enough!—have I ever tried to make myself out better than I am?"

"No, no!" sobbed Lady Janet, "He's speaking the truth! Believe him, Edmund! You must believe him!"

"What am I to think!" exclaimed the Earl, with outstretched arms, and looking from Stannard to Heriot. Stannard was slowly recovering from his condition of stupor; but there was something about his face which startled the Earl. "You say you know nothing about the murder!" said the Earl. "Are you aware of the weight of evidence against you?"

"Yes," said Heriot. "I have read it in the papers, and that man has told me."

"And yet you say you know nothing of it?" demanded the Earl.

"No!" replied Heriot. "I never said so. I know who committed the murder as well as if I had witnessed it."

Again the cry arose from the frightened women. The Earl drew back a step.

"Who was it?" he demanded, almost inaudibly.

Heriot raised his hand and pointed to Stannard Marshbank.

"There he stands!" he said, in a low voice.

There was an intense silence, and it seemed as if every person was holding his breath, as he gazed at Stannard Marshbank.

"Stannard!" exclaimed the Earl. "Stannard!"

At the sound of his name Stannard drew himself up, and passed his hand across his face, and smiled with a ghastly attempt at scornful surprise and denial.

"Stannard!" repeated the Earl. "I cannot believe it!"

"And yet," said Heriot, bitterly, "you believe me capable of the crime."

"The evidence! The evidence against you," said the Earl. "You had quarrelled with Ralph Forster about the girl—there was motive, apparent motive! There is no evidence against him—there was no motive. Why should Stannard have desired to kill the man!"

"Ask him!" said Heriot, grimly.

Stannard Marshbank moved away from the piano. He was beginning to be capable of speech.

"It has lasted long enough!" he said. He tried to speak steadily, and with the grave and injured manner of a man who is overwhelmed by an unjust and unexpected accusation. "I cannot understand why Heriot should have run the risk of coming back to England to shift the charge against him upon my shoulders. The absurdity of such a course, Lord Averleigh has clearly shown. Heriot must be mad, sir, or he would never have said the things he has said."

There was an intense silence. Even Heriot did not speak, but stood with folded arms, his eyes fixed upon Stannard.

"If," continued Stannard, in the same monotonous voice, "if Heriot is possessed of common humanity, if he has the least pity or consideration for you, for all connected with him, he will attempt to escape while there is yet time."

Lady Janet's grasp tightened upon Heriot's arm.

"Oh, go! Go, dear!" she murmured. "And yet—— Oh, I don't know what to say, what to think!"

Heriot drew her closer to him.

"Be calm," he said to her, gently. "Don't be afraid. I shall not go. You would not have me go?"

Stannard moistened his lips.

"Such utter recklessness is selfish, criminal!" he said huskily. "If Heriot will not think of his own safety, and our feelings, I, at least, will not permit myself to forget them!" He took a few steps forward, then looked round. "I will say nothing at the present moment of the absurd charge he has leveled against me. I will not lower myself by declaring its utter falseness, its utter groundlessness. Some accusations are so ridiculous on the very face of them, as to be unworthy of denial. This is one of them. I was in bed at the time of the murder. I saw no one after I left White Cot—but I will not stoop to defend myself. I have a more serious task before me—to attempt, at least, to save from arrest one who, though he has wronged me, is still the son of my benefactor—my own cousin." He moved towards the door and motioned the Earl to open it.

"I will get a carriage and pair, take what steps I can, to aid your escape." He did not look at Heriot, though he addressed him

"Stand where you are," said Heriot, sternly. "Don't venture to come within my reach, or I'll not answer for myself. If I spare you, it will be for the sake of another."

Stannard's manner changed instantly. From the suave and sadly-injured man, he became transformed into a malignant and furious foe. His lips parted over his clenched teeth, like those of a dog about to bite; he raised his clenched hand, and shook it furiously.

"Enough of this foolery!" he snarled. "My patience is exhausted. You have come back at your peril! You have accused me of the murder which you, yourself, committed! Let a jury decide between us! There is enough evidence to hang you, and hanged you shall be if you remain here!"

Lady Janet uttered a cry of terror, and it was echoed by all the other women save Eva, who stood like a statue, her eyes fixed on Heriot's face.

"Oh, go! Go, Heriot!" gasped Lady Janet, "if only for a time."

"Go!" cried Lord Averleigh.

"Do not be afraid, sir," said Heriot, "I stay!"

"I give you two minutes to decide! Leave the house, or I summon the police to arrest you!"

Heriot's patience broke down. He took one step forward, and gripping Stannard flung him against the wall. The women shrieked, the men ran forward. The two Wilsons caught Heriot's arms. He shook them off as easily as if they were children.

"For God's sake don't let anyone touch me! If you want to hold anyone hold that viper there! Keep your heel upon him till the police come. I've borne enough! I'd have spared him for—the sake of——"

He did not look in the direction of Eva, but she covered her eyes with her hand. "But there is an end to every man's endurance, and mine has been reached. I stay and meet all," he said. "For I am scarcely master of myself; decide between us. I am innocent!"

Stannard, still leaning against the wall, bit his lip and smiled sardonically.

"He is guilty!" he gasped. "There is no evidence——" Before he could complete the sentence, there was a knock at the door. The Earl set his back against it, and held the handle.

"My God!" he said. "What am I to do!"

Heriot turned upon him swiftly.

"Open the door, sir!" he said. "I am not afraid! I give myself up. I meet this charge."

The Earl hesitated. After all, he was a father. The sight of his son had aroused, who shall say what feelings of paternal love! Heriot's manly bearing, the clear ring of his voice, the brave flash of his eyes, had gone straight to the old man's heart.

They had recalled to him the handsome, the fearless boy of old. All the past—the years of folly and dissipation, the years of trouble and anxiety—were wiped out. This careworn man, who, notwithstanding the charge that was hanging over his head, bore himself like a man, was his son!

"Heriot!" he gasped.

Heriot went to him, and took his hand from the handle of the door.

"Father!" he said, and what a world of meaning there was in the simple word! "Unlock the door!"

The Earl drew himself up with the pride, and the hauteur of one descended from a race that knew no fear, from a race that faced death, that had counted death nothing, wealth, rank, the world's good opinion, when set in the balance against honor. He looked full into Heriot's eyes, then unlocked the door.

There entered Mr. Jones and Grace.

Heriot did not move, but Stannard shrank along the wall two or three paces.

Mr. Jones closed the door and locked it, and bowed to the Earl.

"Good evening, my Lord," he said, quite quietly, but with a very grave countenance. "Having discovered that Lord Fayne had come home, I have ventured to bring this young lady to ask him to be so good as to release her from a promise which he exacted from her just before he left England."

Every eye was turned upon Grace. She was very pale, and stood modestly, with downcast eyes; but there was about her pretty lips that expression of determination which has been remarked more than once in the course of this narrative.

"Will you release her from that promise, Lord Fayne?" asked Mr. Jones solemnly.

Heriot looked at Grace, as she stood with clasped hands and bent head. Even at this moment, his chivalrous nature shrank from accepting a sacrifice from a woman.

"I may as well say," remarked Mr. Jones, looking hard at the ceiling, "that I merely ask this as a matter of form, and because she insists upon it. I have enough information to render this young lady's evidence unnecessary; but she stands upon her promise, and so I ask you to release her, Lord Fayne."

Heriot went forward and took Grace's hand.

"Forgive me, Grace!" he said; "I fear you must speak now."

She looked up at him with a strangely pathetic expression.

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Jones, gravely. "Perhaps it will simplify matters if I ask Miss Warner a few questions. They will be painful ones to answer; but Miss Warner is not the one to shrink from a duty, and this is a solemn one."

He turned to Grace with infinite respect and consideration.

"Miss Warner, when you went to White Cot that night to unmask a villian, who was it?"

Grace raised her eyes and looked, not at Stannard Marshbank, but just over his head.

"Mr. Marshbank," she said, and though her voice was low, it was distinctly heard by all.

The peculiar murmur which indicates an intense excitement rose from the spectators.

"Thank you," said Mr. Jones, "I may say, for the benefit of any person who might be inclined to doubt this statement, that I have full evidence to prove that Mr. Marshbank was the person Miss Warner was in search of."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Stannard; but his white face and downcast eyes rendered the denial utterly worthless.

"On the night of the murder," continued Mr. Jones, as coolly as if Stannard had not spoken, "you were talking with Lord Fayne, not very far from your cottage? You heard, I believe, the sound of a gun—this was at half past eleven?"

"Yes," said Grace.

"Now," said Mr. Jones, "you can account for your knowledge of Lord Fayne, and your agitation when you saw him at White Cot, when you went there in company with Ralph Forster. You had met him before, I believe?"

"Yes," said Grace, falteringly. "In London. He had saved me from starvation. He had helped me—and Johnnie. He had been a true friend to us—that was all. I did not know his right name. I was surprised to see him at White Cot."

From the other end of the room rose a deep sigh. It came from Eva. A sigh of relief—of remorse.

The Earl stepped forward and laid his hand upon Heriot's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Heriot!" he said, brokenly.

Heriot took his hand and grasped it.

Stannard had leant against the wall like a man in a dream; but at this point he made a gigantic effort at self-command.

"All this," he said, huskily, "is worth nothing! Who will believe the word of a worthless woman? The question still is—who murdered Ralph Forster? The evidence is all against Heriot——"

"Not all," broke in Mr. Jones, quietly. "You forgot the links, Mr. Marshbank." He glanced round the room. "They make the wrist-holes of the shirts too large, nowadays. One of the pair of links which the murderer wore was found on the edge of the quarry, the other I dressed as an assistant of Giles, the sweep found, strangely enough, just inside the chimney of your bedroom, Mr. Marshbank. There is the pair complete!' and he held out his hand.

Stannard Marshbank seemed to collapse; his hands felt against the wall as if seeking something to grasp at; his face was livid, big drops of sweat stood upon his brow.

"While in Mr. Marshbank's room I was guilty of a small felony. I stole one of his dress shoes. They corresponded with the marks, not only upon the edge of the cliff, but at the bottom of the quarry, close beside the spot where the murdered man was found."

Someone screamed, and a cry of "She's fainted!" rose from one of the girl's lips. Eva had fallen to the ground.

Heriot sprang forward, and, kneeling beside her, raised her in his arms.

The attention of everyone was instantly transferred from the detected criminal to the lifeless girl.

Stannard Marshbank saw his opportunity and seized it. Gliding along by the wall stealthily, he reached the door. Grace and Mr. Jones had hurried towards Eva with the rest. Stannard opened the door, took out the key, and, passing through, locked the door from the outside, slipped the key in his pocket, and swiftly crossed into the hall.

CHAPTER XLI.

FOR a moment or two, in the consternation and excitement caused by Eva's sudden fainting and fall, none of those who gathered round noticed, or thought it strange, that Heriot Fayne should have been the person to spring to her and lift her in his arms.

He held her against his breast, his face bent over her with the tenderest anxiety, and, when Mr. Winsdale laid a nervous hand upon his arm, he almost shook it off, and looked fiercely at that gentleman as if Eva belonged to him—Heriot.

But Lady Janet's voice recalled him to himself

"Lay her on the sofa, Heriot," she said, almost calmly; for Eva's sudden illness had distracted her mind for a moment from the terrible trouble of Heriot's presence and denunciation of Stannard.

Heriot did as he was bidden, but stood close beside the couch, as if he had the right to watch over her, and as if he had completely forgotten his own danger.

Eva opened her eyes presently, and they gazed round wonderingly upon the silent group; then they met Heriot's, and a faint cry rose from her lips, and a fainter flush sprang to her cheek; then she closed her eyes again.

Heriot drew a long breath.

"I will get her home, Lady Janet," said Mr. Winsdale, in a very shaky voice; "this has been a terrible scene for my poor girl—it has been almost enough to kill her! Yes," he murmured, brokenly, "we will go home."

"In a little while," said Lady Janet. "She must go to my room and rest until she gets stronger. My poor child!"

All the women were eager to assist her; but Eva seemed to cling to Lady Janet, as a daughter clings to a mother.

The Earl went to open the door for them.

"It is locked!" he exclaimed.

Then they all remembered Stannard, whom they had quite forgotten.

"He has gone!" cried one of the Witsons. "He has gone away, and locked the door on the other side!"

"Unlock the door!" cried the Earl.

"There's no key, my Lord!" shouted the butler from the hall.

Heriot went round quickly through the window, and, setting his shoulder against the door, broke it open; then he stood aside to let them pass, and his eyes followed Eva up the stairs.

As she reached the landing, she turned her head slowly and heavily, and their eyes met. She was hidden from him a moment after, and with a sigh he entered the drawing-room.

Grace had disappeared; but Mr. Jones stood talking to the Earl, and he now came up to Heriot, and very quietly and respectfully said—

"I am afraid I must do my duty, Lord Fayne; I hold this warrant for your apprehension, and I must execute it. I must arrest you!"

"Oh, come—you know!" blurted out Harry, whose impulsive heart was overcharged with admiration for Heriot. "He didn't do it, you know! It was that fellow Marshbank!"

Mr. Jones smiled at him gravely.

"I have no warrant against Mr. Marshbank—I have against Lord Fayne—I must do my duty and arrest him. He will be able to prove his innocence, I hope and trust; but I must take him to Newton. There is no other course, my Lord!"

The Earl bowed his head.

"Do your duty, sir!" said Heriot, quietly; "I am quite ready to go wherever you please."

"But what about the other fellow?" indignantly broke in the irrepressible Harry. "Do you mean to say that you are going to stand quietly by and let him get away?"

"Shut up!" growled Gerry, under his voice.

"Don't be afraid, sir," said Mr. Jones; "Mr. Marshbank will not get very far. He will make for the Victoria Docks, and I have a man waiting there for him. Lord Fayne and I will now go on to Newton, my Lord; but perhaps I might suggest that he should have something to eat and drink before he goes?"

"I don't want anything," said Heriot.

But the Earl drew Heriot's arm through his own, and led him into the dining-room, the rest mechanically following. Some food and wine were hurriedly placed upon the table; and it was a touching sight to see the father waiting with his own hands upon his son, and pressing him to eat and drink. With a trembling hand he gently forced Heriot into a chair, and filled his plate and poured out his wine, holding the glass until Heriot took it.

Heriot's eyes were moist, and he could not speak for a time; but he looked at his father, and the look spoke volumes.

The Earl stood close beside his chair, and rested his hand upon Heriot's shoulder, and once he touched his hair lovingly and pityingly.

"Come out of it!" said Gerry, in a broken whisper; and the other men went into the hall, and left the father and son alone.

"And you have forgiven me, father?" said Heriot, in a low voice.

"There is nothing to forgive, my boy," said the Earl, almost inaudibly.

"Nothing!" said Heriot. "Have you forgotten all the trouble and anxiety and disgrace my past folly has caused you?"

"Yes," said the Earl, with deep emotion. "I have forgotten it. This that you have done has wiped it from my memory!"

Heriot could not speak.

"But," said the Earl, "why did you do it? Why did you sacrifice yourself, and allow us all to think that you were guilty of that poor girl's betrayal? Why did you stand silent under the accusation? Why did you not denounce Stannard Marshbank?"

Heriot looked up at him, then straight before him.

"Can't you guess, father?" he said, in a low voice. "I did not do it for his sake, but for hers."

"Hers—Eva's?" exclaimed the Earl.

"Yes," said Heriot; "she loved him—she was to be his wife. She would have forgiven him and married him, though the knowledge of his villainy would have made her wretched for life. He pleaded with me that night to screen him, and I consented. I was a fool. But when a man loves as I love he loses his wits."

The Earl sank into a chair and bent forward, his eyes fixed on Heriot's face.

"You—love—Eva Winsdale?"

"Yes," said Heriot, gravely. "I have loved her ever since I first saw her. It was for her sake that I left the old life and tried to lead a better one. I had gone down to White Cot that night to tell her that I loved her—to ask her to be my wife. But it was too late—Stannard Marshbank had won her. I didn't care very much what happened to me when I learnt that."

The Earl looked at him with mingled amazement and pity.

"If—if you had only come first, Heriot! How cruelly we have all been deceived—Eva more cruelly than any of us. They say that a good woman instinctively shrinks from a bad man; and yet she cared for him! Now that he is unmasked it seems incredible that she should ever have brought herself to love him!"

Heriot leant his hand upon his head.

"It does," he said, with a sigh. "But there it is! He is an insinuating devil, and she is as innocent and unsuspecting as a child. If we could only have spared her this terrible exposure of the real character of the man she loves!"

"She must bear her burden," said the Earl, solemnly. "But my heart bleeds for her."

There was a pause; then the Earl laid his hand upon Heriot's affectionately.

"But you come first in my thoughts, my boy! Tell me what I can do? You must meet this charge, and you must have every assistance in doing so. I—I will get the very best counsel; everything shall be done that can be done. It will not be long before they let you come back to us. You won't go away again, Heriot?" he added, almost piteously.

"No, father," said Heriot, "if they let me come back to you."

He regretted that he had spoken the words when he saw the effect they had upon the Earl.

"Don't be distressed, father," he said. "I'm hoping, of course, that I shall be able to prove my innocence; but we must prepare for the worst. Stannard is a cunning devil; the evidence is strong against me——"

The Earl began to tremble; then suddenly, by a great effort, he mastered his emotion.

"I put my trust in God's justice, Heriot," he said.

The other men re-entered the room, and Mr. Jones significantly looked at his watch.

Heriot rose.

"I am quite ready," he said; "and I am much obliged to you for waiting so long. Good-bye, father! No—good-night."

"I'm coming with you as far as—as they will let me."

"And if you'll let us have another carriage we'll come, too," burst out Harry.

The Earl looked at the lad gratefully; and Mr. Jones nodded approvingly.

A few minutes afterward the scared butler announced the carriage, and they all went into the hall.

Lady Janet was standing there. She was very pale, but she had evidently summoned all her woman's courage to her aid, and she did not allow herself to break down as Heriot put his arm round her and kissed her

"Good-bye," he said; "I shall come back like a bad penny directly, Aunt Janet, and worry you just as I used when I was a kid." Then in a whisper he asked, "How is she?"

"Better; quite sensible now. She wanted to send a message to you, I think; but she did not get any farther than 'Tell him——'"

Mr. Jones looked at his watch again; and Heriot gently putting Lady Janet's arms from about his neck, walked beside him to the carriage. The hall had filled with servants, who stood silently but sympathetically watching the departure of Heriot and his father.

They would have liked to have uttered a cheer—to have give expression in any way to their affection for their master, and their admiration of, and belief in Heriot—but they did not know how to do it. And perhaps, after all, their respectful silence was more eloquent and impressive than any speech-making or cheering would have been.

The party reached the prison, and Heriot and Lord Averleigh were received by the Governor, who had been apprised by Mr. Jones of the arrest. He knew Lord Averleigh well, and with true delicacy he refrained from uttering a word of condolence, but himself conducted Heriot to a cell which had been made as comfortable as the time and prison rules would permit. The Earl looked round with a shudder.

"It breaks my heart to leave you here, Heriot! If they would only let me stay with you!"

"You can remain for two hours, Lord Averleigh," said the Governor, quietly. "I will send in some refreshments and lights. There is a good fire, as you see."

Heriot would have tried to persuade his father to return home at once, but he knew, by his own heart, how loath the old man was to part from him.

They sat beside the prison fire for more than the two hours, and during that time Heriot managed to tell Lord Averleigh a great deal.

It was a wonderful story, and Lord Averleigh listened as one listens to a narrative upon which hangs the issue of life and death. He had always been conscious of a vague distrust of Stannard, even when that gentleman's words and actions had appeared to be most virtuous and praiseworthy; now, in the light of Heriot's revelations, he saw Stannard in his true colors, and marveled that he could have ever been deceived.

Father and son almost forgot the trouble and danger hanging over them as they sat and talked with that mutual confidence which was born of a love that had been, so to speak, dammed back by the barrier of Heriot's past folly, but which now flowed uninterruptedly. The Earl's eyes grew moist as Heriot told him of the Fletchers and little Lily, and how the child had clung to him when he left, and implored him not to leave her.

"I must see those people," said the Earl, with an air of determination, "if I have to go all the way to South America. But perhaps we can persuade them to come over to England and pay us a visit when this trouble is over."

Heriot started slightly.

"Y—es, father," he said, trying to speak cheerfully, "but we must be prepared for the worst, you know. We have to deal with a man who is about as clever as they make them, with a heart of stone, and as unscrupulous as the deuce himself. I may be convicted, if not of murder, of manslaughter! But we won't think of that tonight; we'll try and look on the bright side."

There was a knock at the door, and after an unnecessary fumbling at the bolts and keys, the Governor looked in and nodded significantly.

"I must go, Heriot," said Lord Averleigh. "I must go!" The two men gripped hands. "But though I leave you here, I have got you back in my heart again, though, as I think you know, you have never been really absent from it."

They parted at last, and the door clanged to, and Heriot threw himself upon his pallet. He ought to have fixed his mind upon his defence, but he could think of nothing and no one but Eva.

It was only natural that she should faint under the shock of hearing the accusation against Stannard, the man she was to have married next morning; but what had she meant by the look which she had cast upon Heriot as she stood at the top of the stairs? The expression in her eyes haunted him until he fell asleep; it followed him even then, and he dreamed of her.

Mr. Winsdale took Eva home. Of the two he was, outwardly, the more distressed and agitated, for the effects of her swoon had produced a kind of stupor.

"What on earth are we to do?" he exclaimed; and it is scarcely necessary to say that he was thinking principally of himself. "Whichever way it may turn out we shall suffer. The scandal, the infamy of the thing will cling to us for life! Lord Fayne's story may be true, or it may not. All that I can say is that it sounds as ghastly improbable as a sensational novel. No man could be such a double-dyed villain as he makes Stannard Marshbank to be. And—if Stannard gets the worst of it, we are still in his power. He holds the mortgage over every stick and stone we possess, and he's not likely to have much mercy!"

Eva was lying on a couch, her face hidden on her arm.

"I—I wish you'd say something, Eva," he said, petulantly. "You've not opened your lips so far as I know since Lord Fayne appeared. It's all very well, but you can't forget that you were to have married Stannard to-morrow morning, and that he hasn't been proven guilty yet. It's true that the inspector and the girl are against him, but what is their evidence compared with the mass of evidence against Heriot Fayne? Of course I know, my dear child, how terribly you must be suffering, and that you must be quite overwhelmed by the dreadful scene you have gone through. But Stannard was to have been your husband to-morrow morning, and I should almost have thought that you would have believed him in preference to Lord Fayne, and given expression, if only by a word or two, to that belief."

Eva raised her head.

"Do you believe him innocent, father?" she said, in a whisper.

Mr. Winsdale paced up and down the room.

"I am not his engaged wife," he said. "And I've no right to judge between him and Lord Fayne; all I say is, that one story is as good as the other until it is proved."

Eva rose and went towards the door, slowly and heavily.

"Were you looking at the two men, father?" she asked. "Did you hear their voices?"

Mr. Winsdale made a gesture of impatience and irritation.

"My dear child, you talk like a woman—as you are. Wouldn't you be overwhelmed and confused if you were suddenly charged as Stannard Marshbank was? I'm inclined to think that most men would look exactly as he looked, under the circumstances."

"Why has he gone? Why did he not remain?" said Eva, with her hand upon the door.

Mr. Winsdale bit his lips.

"I imagine he went to secure Lord Fayne's arrest. But we will not talk about it any more to-night, my dear Eva. Go to bed and try to rest. But don't forget how you stand to Stannard Marshbank, and don't try him in your heart, and find him guilty!"

"I have already tried him," said Eva. "He is guilty!"

CHAPTER XLII.

THE next morning the news of Heriot Fayne's return and arrest was flashed all over England; one might almost say all over the world, and it was speedily supplemented by the intelligence that Mr. Stannard Marshbank, M.P., Lord Fayne's cousin, had mysteriously disappeared.

Not only Averleigh and its neighborhood, but the whole country was in a state of intense excitement. The Averleigh mystery was about to be cleared up! As none of those who were present at the scene in the Court drawing-room had disclosed a word that had been spoken, the outside world was still firmly convinced of Heriot Fayne's guilt, and excited groups gathered about the prison and at the corners of the streets in Newton eagerly discussing the murder, and asking each other why the accused had returned and given himself up.

It was hoped that the examination before the magistrates would take place that morning, and a large crowd collected at an early hour outside the Court-house; and a groan of disappointment arose when they were informed that the examination would not take place for some days.

Mr. Jones, as he went to and fro between his office and the prison, was waylaid and besieged by excited and curious persons, some of them of social importance, and plied with questions; but that gentleman, who appeared as calm and unruffled as if nothing of any consequence was happening, dexterously parried his interrogators, and like the court chamberlain in the poem, "Smilingly put the question by."

He was playing a difficult game against an opponent as skilful as himself, but if he felt any anxiety he displayed none, and he somewhat exasperated the crowd by cheerfully whistling as he passed through it.

But he was anxious. He was waiting for a telegram, saying that Stannard Marshbank had been arrested in London, and was being brought back. In the afternoon a telegram arrived, but its contents dealt Mr. Jones a heavy blow.

It stated that Stannard Marshbank had not gone down to the docks to embark for South America, and that, though search was being made for him, he had not been found.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERE BELOW.

BY W. T.

Here below the lilacs die,
All the song-birds heavenward fly;
I dream of a summer for ever and aye.

Here below the lips that greet
Leave no imprint when they meet;
I dream of a kiss that will ever be sweet.

Here below the lovers mourn
Friendships dead and hearts forlorn;
I dream of the ties that shall never be torn.

Her Engagement.

BY A. U. W.

"HAVE you written that letter, auntie?"

"Yes, child, yes. I told you I would do so this morning."

"And posted it?"

There was no reply to this question. The elderly lady who had answered the first inquiry, was slowly ascending the staircase, and might not have heard the interrogation at least, so it appeared to the interrogator, who sank back on the cushions of her invalid chair with a sigh of relief, without repeating the question.

Scene, a small house in Kensington; time, some seventy years ago. The house, though small, was daintily appointed, but with that true and inexpensive prettiness which bespeaks the residence of a gentlewoman of limited means. In a cushioned chair by the window, sat, or rather half-reclined, a young girl, who might once have been pretty, even beautiful, but who now bore on her pale cheeks the disfiguring marks of that dread disease, small-pox, all too familiar to our predecessors of past generations.

In the case of Anna Grant, now struggling back to health after an attack of the malady, the disease had, on the whole, been merciful. The girl was not rendered hideous, but the once exquisite complexion had faded, the radiant eyes were dimmed, and the golden hair had lost its gloss.

Only when she smiled did something of the old Anna reappear in the pale face, bringing it back somewhat to the likeness of the fair miniature which her lover had carried away with him to India six years before.

For Anna was betrothed, and in another year was to be a bride—at least, unless—— It is a trite story how the victims of small-pox found their affliction a test-stone of the affection of lovers, sometimes, alas, of husbands. There were always the brave wooers who loved "not for outward semblance," and who were as ready to wed a disfigured, as a beautiful bride, but there were exceptions to this rule, and Anna Grant had now to wait many weary months to know under which category she was to reckon her betrothed.

Her engagement had been held to be a fortunate one for her, entirely dependent as she was upon the maiden aunt with whom she resided, and whose little income was derived from an annuity. Harry Martindale was doing well in India, so well that the time seemed fully come for his betrothed to join him there.

Officers holding good appointments hesitated to relinquish them by applying for "leave home," except in cases of actual necessity; and sixty or seventy years ago the Indian exile was far more a fixture in the east than he is now. Brides-elect went out to join intending husbands, when the weary journey round the Cape occupied so many months, and the brief run to England was unknown.

Only by this last mail had a loving, exultant letter arrived from Captain Martindale, begging Anna to come out to him; and it was regarding the reply to this letter that Anna and her aunt had had their first and only difference of opinion. Anna insisted that the full extent of her calamity was to be revealed to her lover. Miss Grant shrank from doing this; she had her own reasons for doing so. For she knew, what she did not reveal to her niece, that her own days were numbered; that an insidious disease had made her its prey, and that another year or so at most would probably find Anna alone in the world. If this marriage should fall through, Anna would be left not only friendless, but penniless.

"Of course you must tell Captain Martindale of your illness, my dear," urged Miss Grant; "but, Anna, you really exaggerate your disfigurement. Besides, you cannot suppose that your betrothed was only in love with your face."

"I want to be sure of that, auntie. It is only just to him to let him know that the girl—well, the pretty girl, he courted is now—what I am," and she glanced bitterly at the glass opposite.

"You are as dear as ever to me, love," said Miss Grant softly, and kissing her, "and will be to him if he is worthy of you."

"Let me test if he is worthy then," said Anna.

Insistent as was the girl upon the necessity of telling her lover the whole truth, she shrank from writing it with her own hand. It is a hard task for any woman, especially for a young and erewhile beautiful one, to herself proclaim that she has lost her loveliness. So, after much argument, Miss Grant consented to write—write in the plain, uncompromising manner which Anna insisted upon, and so far kept her word.

Indeed, now, as Anna was lying back wearily on her pillows in the drawing-room, her aunt was sitting by her fire in a room above, with this letter duly addressed and sealed, lying in her lap, and wrestling with a great temptation. Why had Anna dictated such blunt, such even exaggerated statements? She was still young, only four-and-twenty, and youth had marvellous powers of recuperation. Long before she reached the shores of India, she might be almost as fair as ever to look upon; the sea air, the change, the prospect of happiness—all would be marvellous restorers.

If only Captain Martindale were here to be spoken to personally! At least, thought the loving aunt with a rush of tenderness, the man who wins my Anna will wed a bride dowered with better gifts than mere beauty; truth, gentleness, sweetness of temper, what matter if the gift of actual loveliness be wanting?

But then men were so easily influenced by externals; and with a sudden pang, Miss Grant remembered Captain Martindale's open admiration of the fair girl whom he had won, his lover's flattery, his undisguised looking forward to introducing his "beautiful Anna" to his friends. Would he be equally content to wed a plain fiancee?

"If he is with her for a week, he must learn to love her, despite her disfigurement," thought Miss Grant, and then the letter fell from her grasp, and a ghastly pallor overspread her face. One of her sudden attacks of the pain, which she knew was rapidly shortening her days, had come upon her.

For some moments she sat struggling with the agony, then had strength to drag herself to a cupboard, and drain a small glass of the medicine which always stood ready there. The paroxysm passed away, but Miss Grant's face remained set and firm. Crossing again to the fire she dropped the letter amid the glowing coals, and watched it burn to ashes.

"May heaven forgive me if I have done amiss," she murmured, "but I dare not let the child thus trifle with her own happiness. When Harry Martindale sees her, all will be well; the risk of the letter is too great."

And, as the pain left her, Miss Grant sat down to indite another epistle, mentioning Anna's illness, but concealing its cause. And that letter was posted, and Miss Grant resolutely stifled the whispers of her conscience, which were sometimes troublesome. Many weary months passed away before a reply could be received to Miss Grant's letter; months in which the elder lady occupied herself with preparing Anna's trousseau, despite the girl's reminders that "it might not be needed." What those months of suspense meant to Anna only she herself knew, and yet, when the looked for mail came in, and a letter arrived from Bombay in the well-known hand, the girl trembled to open it. Was her lover's affection strong enough to bear the test she had put it to?

Miss Grant watched anxiously as, with nervous fingers, Anna slowly unfolded the missive. Then a sudden light came over the girl's face and happy tears filled her eyes.

"We may order the wedding dress after all, auntie," she said softly; "it was myself, not my poor face, that Harry loved."

"At least, I have made the child happy for the present," said Miss Grant to herself, "and he cannot, he cannot be base enough to wish to forsake her for such a trifle. I told him she had been ill, why should I mention that her beauty had been altered? It would be like an insult to suppose his affection could be influenced by this."

And yet, in the silent and wakeful hours of the night, Miss Grant's conscience, like that of the abbot who acknowledged the religious supremacy of Henry VIII. "did grudge against her," although she resolutely stifled its whispers. Captain Martindale had written sympathetically regarding the illness of his fiancee, but was confident that the voyage "would complete her cure." The fact that the illness had been small pox had been carefully concealed by Miss Grant.

Days flew by, and Anna's passage was secured in one of the comfortable, if slow-sailing, old "East Indiamen." It was thought a fortunate circumstance that, before starting, she obtained an introduction to the lady who was to share her cabin, another young girl, going out to join her brother and "keep his house." "In the days of John Company," it was a very usual occurrence for sisters to feel a strong yearning thus to join brothers in the East, not, of course, with the slightest consideration for the matrimonial advantages then offered to spinsters in India. Minnie Williams was the eldest of several sisters, and the idea that they had only marriage to look to as a future provision, had been steadily impressed upon them from childhood by their impecunious widowed mother.

Anna Grant was not starting for the East with a more fixed idea of future wedlock than was Miss Williams, although Anna was journeying to a plighted bridegroom, while Miss Williams had yet to secure hers. That she would speedily do so the young lady was fully confident. Minnie Williams was a decidedly pretty girl, not unlike, with her clear complexion and bright coloring, what Anna had been in the days before her malady; and Miss Grant, in her love for her disfigured darling, felt a pang of angry jealousy, as she noted how additionally worn and faded Anna looked by contrast with the blooming young beauty of her companion. And yet, to a close observer, Anna's gentle manner and pleasant voice possessed charms lacking in Minnie Williams; who was as vain as she was pretty, and whose pert flirting manner might have proved the reverse of attractive to a fastidious wooer.

The final preparations were made, the last farewells said; Anna had started securely happy, ignorant of the deception practised upon both her and her lover; and Miss Grant, ill and alone, strove to satisfy herself with the silently uttered plea that "the end justified the means." And yet there were times when she would have given worlds to have undone her work.

The old Cape voyage was a serious matter some seventy years ago. Its length was, of course, a very variable one. Calms might lengthen it, storms carry the vessel out of its course in a manner unknown in these days of steam power; and the passengers, closely confined together for many months' time, had at least a full opportunity of knowing one another's true characters. Years of ordinary intercourse upon land would not have given such an insight into the real disposition of all on board as was acquired during that Indian sea-journey.

The two girls, being otherwise friendless on board, were placed under the especial charge of the captain, who in turn utilised the services of some kindly matron among the passengers, to be a kind of chaperon to them. Old Indians will well remember these familiar arrangements.

Captain Morton was an extremely pleasant and gentlemanly man of about thirty, a bachelor still, as Minnie Williams speedily ascertained, and therefore set herself seriously to the task of captivation. The unhappy individuals cooped up on board ship with little to occupy them, naturally reverted to gossip, and, before many weeks had elapsed, nearly every one knew every one else's private affairs, or imagined they did, which came to much the same thing.

Anna's misfortune was known and talked about, public opinion being divided regarding Captain Martindale's conduct; some (with Miss Williams) holding that it was "a noble thing" to sacrifice himself in such a manner, while others (with Captain Morton) opined that there could be no "sacrifice" in marrying so sweet a girl as Anna Grant.

Real disposition comes out on board ship, as we have said. Captain Morton, at least, had noted Anna's unselfishness, her patience, her invariable good temper, while Miss Williams' affectation, and her undisguised "set" at himself, afforded much secret amusement both to the officer himself and to the kind motherly lady in whose charge he had placed the girls. And good Mrs. Boyton repeatedly remarked that "she would rather see a son of hers marry a girl like Anna, were she twice as disfigured, than throw himself away upon that selfish giggling little creature Miss Williams."

Indeed, as the voyage went on, Captain Morton began to feel that it had been better for his own peace of mind had he never met Anna, now she was betrothed of another.

"We shall part at Bombay," he said to himself, "but she will always be to me the one woman I could have wooed, might I have done so with honor."

Anna herself had but one idea; her meeting with the lover she had so long waited for; and Captain Morton kept his secret so loyally that not the most prying of the passengers ever suspected that the plain quiet bride-elect had made a conquest of one heart on board.

Even an Indian voyage ends at last; and the "Agamemnon" anchored in the Bombay roads. There was the usual bustle among the passengers, the looking up and donning of the spruce landing costumes which had been reserved for this joyful occasion, the impatience of wives returning to husbands, sisters eager to greet brothers. Everyone clustered on deck, wistful to recognise familiar faces in the boats surrounding the ship.

Anna and her cabin companion were seated together on one of the bulwarks; Anna anxiously awaiting the supreme moment of her life; Minnie gay and unconcerned, casting coquettish glances at Captain Morton, who stood by his charges, professedly "to hand over his trust." Not even to himself would he acknowledge that he was lingering for one last glance, one last word from Anna.

Presently a loud voice was heard asking for Miss Grant. A stout, red-faced man hurried across the deck, and with the exclamation, "Arrived at last, Anna! Well, I should have known you anywhere, after all," bestowed an affectionate salute upon Miss Williams.

"Harry," said Anna, in a faltering tone; while Minnie Williams, in a coquettish voice, cried, "Oh, Captain Martindale, for you must be Captain Martindale, for shame! Don't you know Miss Grant?"

"You—Anna—why, good heavens," exclaimed Captain Martindale starting back with a face of utter surprise and dismay; while Minnie giggled, and Morton felt that he could have shaken her for doing so. Pale and trembling Anna sank back on her seat, and the passengers began to look round and scent "a scene."

"Come into my cabin, Miss Grant," said Morton authoritatively, offering her his arm; "you and this gentleman can talk in private there," and he glared so furiously at the curious spectators that they turned away abashed, and occupied themselves again with their own greetings.

"No, it's all right," said Martindale, the instincts of a gentleman re-asserting themselves. "I've a boat here all ready, and a friend, Mrs. Graham, is expecting us. I have not seen Miss Grant for six years," he added rather awkwardly, "and time alters people," and he turned to apologise humbly to Minnie for the "liberty" he had taken; and Minnie laughed, and ogled, and would have carried on an animated flirtation, had not her attention been diverted by her own brother's arrival.

As one in a dream Anna took her place in the boat, but no word was spoken until the lovers were seated in the carriage Mrs. Graham had sent to fetch them. Then Anna broke silence.

"Oh, Harry, it is so much worse than you expected; auntie told you that I had been terribly disfigured."

"She told me nothing of the sort," retorted Captain Martindale sharply. "She said you had been ill—with a feverish attack I believe she called it, but as to this—well, it's no matter now, Anna; for heaven's sake don't begin to cry. Of course you are just the same to me, and it's uncommonly good of you to have come out in this way to join me," but there was no tenderness in his voice, and he did not offer to kiss her cheek or take her hand.

The carriage stopped at a compound, and Martindale led Anna, whose limbs would hardly support her, into the house, and to a darkened Indian drawing-room.

"Let me have a good look at the last beauty arrived from England," said a bustling little lady hurrying across the matted floor. "My dear, the fame of your face has preceded you, and Captain Martindale declared that even that sweet miniature doesn't do you justice. Oh"—and Mrs. Graham stopped with a palpable start; then boldly covered her breach of manners with: "Oh, yes, I quite recognise you; traveling always alters one just a little until one has rested, and shaken off

the effects of fatigue. No doubt you will like to see your room and rest for a while."

Anna thankfully accepted the offer of escape, and, declining the services of the dusky handmaiden who followed her to the apartment, sank on her knees by the bedside and buried her head amid the pillows. The whole terrible truth was revealed to her now, and she understood she had unwittingly been a party to the deception practiced upon her lover, whose affection had not stood the test of her altered appearance. On this point she had no longer any illusion.

The divisions between the rooms of an Indian house are of the thinnest, and neither Captain Martindale nor his hostess possessed the softest of voices.

"I call it a regular trick; upon my word I do," said the former in an indignant voice. "Of course, I must marry the girl all the same, now she's come all this way; there's no help for it, but I ought to have been told what had happened. I must exchange out of the regiment, however, that's certain. I can't face all the fellows with poor Anna after my bragging about her good looks so much."

And Mrs. Graham exclaimed, and pitied, and blamed while Anna pressed her head deeper amid the pillows and prayed wildly that she might die.

Like her quondam lover, she had lost an ideal at their meeting. The attached chivalrous wooer, equally ready to wed a disfigured as a beauteous bride, was ill-represented by the stout, red-faced, ill-mannered man, into which several years at "out-stations" and unlimited devotion to bottled beer and "brandy pawnee" had transformed the once handsome and attractive Captain Martindale. "Long engagements," when the contracting parties remain absent from each other, are apt to result in some such disillusions.

Throughout the weary night Anna lay reviewing the position of affairs. One thing at least was certain, she must give Captain Martindale back his freedom; and it was with a strange wonder at her own readiness to do this that Anna rose before daylight and indited a gentle but firmly-worded epistle of renunciation, explaining how she at least, had been guiltless of any deception in the matter. "He will be ready enough to accept his release from our engagement," she said with a half smile, and then wondered that she herself regretted it so little. But in truth her lover, the lover whom she had come so far to wed, had vanished; in fact he had never existed save in her own imagination.

Now came the prospect of her future. To stay on, a probably unwelcome guest, in a house where she had only been received by Captain Martindale's future bride was manifestly impossible; and yet where was she to go? Except her recreant lover she knew not a soul in Bombay, and all her woman's pride revolted against seeking his assistance.

She had no money to pay her return passage to England (a far more costly affair years ago than now), and six or seven months must elapse ere a reply could be received from any letter sent home. Telegrams were of course unknown. Anna vaguely wondered if Mrs. Graham could find her any sort of employment as governess, teacher, or even as music or needle-woman, to enable her to live until she could communicate with her aunt.

"A gentleman to see Miss Grant," announced the ayah, entering with a letter. "Mem sahib say missie tired, missie sick, but him say him friend, him come on business, missie will see him," and she tendered the pasteboard which bore Captain Morton's name.

Anna's pale cheek flushed with pleasure. Engrossed in her love for her betrothed, she had never regarded Captain Morton in any light save that of a friend; but as a friend she had learned to lean upon him more than she realized until they were separated; and, amid her anxious nocturnal cogitations, had often wished that she had known his whereabouts on shore and been able to apply to him for counsel, as she had done so often in small difficulties and perplexities during the voyage. Anna steeled herself to self-command as she entered the drawing-room, but the sight of the kindly familiar face overcame her fortitude, and tears rushed into her eyes.

"I have come as a messenger from one of your friends, Miss Grant," said Morton hastily, with true delicacy appearing not to notice her agitation. "It had occurred to Mrs. Beyton that you might prefer staying with her instead of with an entire stranger; you left the vessel yesterday before she could suggest this to you herself, but she has employed me as her messenger to bring you this note. She will be very happy if you will take up your quarters with her and the General as long as you remain in Bombay."

"My engagement with Captain Martindale is at an end," said Anna, recovering herself.

"You will forgive me if I say that I suspected as much after his behavior of yesterday," said Morton, with an angry flush at the recollection of the public insult offered to the woman he loved; "and therefore I feel sure you will be more comfortable with Mrs. Beyton than here. And you will allow me, or the General if you prefer it, to act as your bankers should you design to return home immediately. Your friends can remit us the amount advanced for the passage-money after your arrival in England."

Anna bethought her of Miss Grant's small income; of the difficulty with which the sum for the outward journey had been raised. And then to return home with her sad story, to be the centre of gossip, surprise, pity, in the suburban circle—the humiliation would be unendurable.

"I cannot return home," she said falteringly. "For one reason my aunt could not pay my journey back. Perhaps Mrs. Beyton could find me some employment, some post in India, as a governess or a companion or something of the kind."

There was silence for a few minutes. Morton took a turn up and down the room; presently he stopped before the girl.

"Miss Grant," he said softly, "have you been quite blind all the last months? Honor forbade me to woo another man's betrothed bride, but have I kept my secret so closely that you never suspected that I loved you?"

A blush overspread Anna's cheek. She had never thought before on the matter; but now, looking back, words, looks, trifling actions came to her mind, and with a significance.

"I have loved you for some time," continued Morton, taking her trembling hand in his, "but I could not then say, as I may lawfully do now, Anna, will you be my wife?"

"You are asking me this out of charity, because I am poor, and friendless, and disfigured," said the girl with a sudden burst of tears.

"No, a thousand times no," cried Morton vehemently. "I am asking you to marry me because you are the one woman in the world to me whatever you may be to blind fools who cannot appreciate a pearl of price, because; forsooth, its casket is less beauteous than the jewel itself. I love you, Anna, I shall love you always, whether you marry me or not; and the happiness of my life now rests in your hands."

The reader may guess the sequel, and it would be unjust to accuse Anna of fickleness when she pronounced the longed-for "yes." The lover whom she had traveled so far to regain was dead to her; he had been, in sooth, but a mythical personage all along, and the sincere friendship she had long felt for Morton warmed into a kindlier regard under the influence of his impassioned pleadings.

"I cannot yet give you the love you offer me," she said regretfully; but Morton laughed gaily and replied:

"Give me yourself, darling, and I will undertake to teach you to love me. I can wait."

Mrs. Graham made no effort to detain her guest, and was evidently glad to be civilly rid of her, while Anna thankfully took refuge with the kind friend under whose wing she had traveled so long. Captain Martindale accepted his freedom with the alacrity which Anna had anticipated, scarcely troubling himself to veil under the usual conventional phrases the relief which he felt at her voluntary termination of their engagement.

"Of course I would never have been the first to break from you," he wrote, "but I think you are right; we should scarcely make each other as happy as we had expected."

"You at least are well rid of that man, my dear," said Mrs. Beyton, when Anna showed her the letter, "and if ever a woman was fortunate in a future husband you are so in James Morton. My dear, the General knows his people in England, and all about James from his boyhood. He's a thoroughly excellent fellow, and will make as good a husband as he is son and brother. And you know this is his last voyage. He only undertook it because he wished to visit Bombay to look after the affairs of that rich old uncle of his who died out here, leaving James his heir. James tells me he intends buying a little country place somewhere in England and settling down to a quiet rural life with his bride. By the way, Anna, of course the wedding will be as soon as possible."

"Oh, Mrs. Beyton, what will people say?"

"Nothing will stop 'saying' like the excitement of a wedding," remarked Mrs. Beyton, sagely. "And to tell you the truth, Anna, I do not think Captain Martindale will be long before he consoles himself. We Anglo-Indian folk marry quickly out here, and if you delay your wedding long, I fancy you will find that your old lover is married before you."

"Married to whom?"

"To that little minx, Minnie Williams," said Mrs. Beyton, with unusual asperity, "and I wish them joy of each other. So really, Anna, there is no reason that you should keep poor James waiting."

Anna did "not keep him waiting" very long, but, as Mrs. Beyton had prophesied, Captain Martindale's marriage came off the first. Miss Williams had made good use of her opportunities, and the pair were wedded and off to the Captain's "district" before Anna herself became a bride.

Some indignation still lingered in the girl's heart against the relative whose deception might have caused so much misery, but the next mail from England dispelled all such feelings. As George Sand truly says, "Savoir tout, c'est tout pardonner."

Poor Miss Grant wrote a full confession of her error and of its motives, and as "a dying woman" besought Anna's forgiveness if any harm had resulted from her deception. It was in terms of pity rather than of blame that Anna replied.

Wrongly as Miss Grant had acted, "good had come out of evil" in this case, and Anna gained a worthy instead of an unworthy husband.

A year or so later, Anna with her husband and first-born babe stood beside her aunt's sick-bed, and personally ratified this message of forgiveness. Miss Grant's disease proved a more lingering one than she had anticipated, and her prayer to see her niece once again was granted. Anna had regained all, or nearly all, her former beauty.

And did Anna's marriage prove a happy one? I asked this question of the old friend from whose lips I heard this story in my girlhood, a gentle old widow lady at whose house I was a constant visitor. We had been speaking of "long engagements," and their pros and cons, and she related to me this recollection of her youth.

"If you ask me if Captain Morton was happy, my love," she said, "I can only tell you that he used to say that his marriage was like that of the knight in one of Chaucer's poems, who weds a lady scorned by others for her lack of loveliness, but who proves, after their bridal, to be a fairy of surpassing beauty. His wife was always 'beautiful' in his eyes, and he was her lover throughout their forty years of happy married life. And for Anna herself, my dear, if ever you marry such a man as she did, you will understand a little what the Garden of Eden was like before the Fall. I often think," and tears gathered in the dear old lady's eyes, "that a little bit of the happiness of Heaven itself is still found even on earth in the love of husband and wife for one another. I know that was Anna's experience."

"I suppose she was an old friend of yours, Mrs. Morton," I remarked. "By the way, perhaps you were a relative of this Captain Morton, as your name is the same as his?"

"Yes, my love," said my old friend with a quiet smile, "I was a relation—his wife. I was Anna Grant."

A Word to Girls.—The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe.

Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply.

A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify—that it absolutely chiseled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom, in middle life, into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

Scientific and Useful.

Paste.—To make good paste, take three tablespoonfuls of flour, and as much powdered rosin as will lie on a quarter, mix nicely in half a pint of water, and then stir it over the fire in a saucepan till it boils. The paste-brush must be cleansed in boiling water, and wiped every time it is used.

Sleeplessness.—Sleeplessness is generally caused by the brain having more blood than usual supplied to it; anyone desiring sleep should therefore draw the blood to the stomach by taking warm nourishing food the last thing at night, a basin of gruel, or bread and milk, or some other light and digestible food.

Bezique.—Church bezique is a recent French invention, suited for religious circles and for Lent. It is played with cards, like ordinary bezique, but from the mouths of the king, queen and knave on the face cards issues a scroll on which is printed a short prayer, which the players repeat when counting up their cards.

Golden Steel.—Human ingenuity is never satisfied. The latest discovery is golden steel which is being made in large quantities at Sheffield. It is an amalgam of bronze and aluminum, which has a most beautiful appearance, and is very successful for cutlery not requiring a keen edge, such as forks and dessert knives. The new alloy possesses the dual advantage of durability and beauty.

A Speaking Watch.—A speaking watch has been invented by a clockmaker at Geneva, by applying the phonograph to the old-fashioned repeater, the springs and hammers of which have been replaced by a disc of vulcanised india-rubber, over whose surface the point moves, emitting, as it turns, articulate sounds denoting the hour. The furrows on this disc are the exact reproduction of those produced on the cylinder of a phonograph by the human voice. The utterance is loud enough to be heard in an adjoining room. M. Sivan, the inventor, is developing his idea, and it is said that it may possibly replace the carillon in belfries by part-songs. There are endless combinations possible in the application of what may become something more than an ingenious toy.

Farm and Garden.

Potatoes.—We venture to say that nothing will return a larger net profit of all the things one may select to do on the farm than a potato field of good soil, planted with care and with well selected seed, and thoroughly cultivated and protected from insects.

Poultry.—Do not be too easily discouraged if you are a beginner, for equally good results can not be had with the poultry every year. Some seasons do not seem to be wholly favorable, and, although the business may be managed with just as much skill and care as formerly, the returns may not be nearly so satisfactory. Let this state of things rather arouse to more determined effort.

Graft Scions.—If grafting is contemplated this coming spring, the scions should be cut during the winter,—certainly not after the buds begin to swell in early spring. Choose stout, healthy wood of last season's growth; bury them in sand or damp saw-dust and keep them in a cool cellar. The operation of grafting is performed in the spring, about the time the buds on the trees are bursting, and may be continued to mid-summer provided the scions have not started into growth.

Weeds.—There are no thieves that steal so quietly, and yet so effectually from the farmer, as the weeds and thistles, which he sometimes cultivates in his fields or allows to grow in his pastures, and fence rows. He counts these no part of his seeding and hence he is apt to neglect them, except so far as they interfere with the growing crops. In cultivating his corn one of his troubles often is to keep down the weeds, for these in good ground that has been well manured and plowed, are apt to grow in the early part of the season faster than the corn. They often have their roots started before the corn is planted, and unless they are nipped in the bud they soon become troublesome—but if allowed a fair chance it soon becomes a race between them and the corn; which shall have the choice show of the soil food.

"Then Tree is Known by the Fruit it Bears."—And so Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant rests in the confidence of the public to-day as a Lung remedy, because, after Over Sixty Years constant use, it is known to be fully worthy of that confidence. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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Of Personal Adornment.

Scarcely any subject could be chosen on which thoughtful people would be less likely to arrive at a definite conclusion than that of personal adornment. Reasoning respecting personal ornament is effectually checkmated by a sentiment that has grown strong throughout the whole history of the race. Still the question, "To what extent is it allowable for intelligent civilized men and women to deck themselves out in more or less costly gewgaws?" allows of a very pretty controversy.

The scientific man, like the frivolous person of fashion, can find an interest in the subject, because it shows our kinship to our earliest ancestors through habits that bring to most of us no sense of shame. Love of ornament is so completely in the blood that we do not recognize ourselves as giving way to some of the most primitive instincts of our savage forefathers when we seek the "foreign aid of ornament."

The scientific observer however sees all the devious way by which we came to our present love of personal adornment, our simple joy in rings and chains, bangles and jangling chatelaines, dazzling scarf-pins and flashing tiaras, faultless mechanical busts, and an undying bloom of youth.

The grim reasoner, who snorts impatiently at that which "only seems," finds an easy text in the wide-spread weakness for human ornamentation. Let us look further into this quarrel between strictly rational human dignity and the inherited joy of the race in pretty toys.

We do not suppose for a moment that any argument, however cogent it might be, would make much difference. Probably not more than one woman in a thousand would wear a trinket the less because she was convinced that her love of ornaments sprang out of an aboriginal instinct with a very questionable history. "I like them and shall wear them!" would seem to her a sufficient answer.

How often we find the lady-novelist signalizing the arrival of her heroine at woman's estate by a surreptitious visit to the family jewel-casket, to try on the heirloom necklace, to cover her fingers with the prettiest rings and hold them up to the light.

What is the explanation of this love of personal ornaments? Is it a mere survival of a primitive pleasure in bright and showy things, or does it spring from a belief that pieces of colored earth can be so shaped as really to add to human beauty? Does any one believe that no human hand, say, can be so shapely but that a ring would make it more beautiful? Is it artistic instinct at all that makes people in love with jewels, or is it a mixture of the love of possession and the love of showy things? We can well imagine the wearing of a ring that catches the eye to be a half-confessed device for drawing attention to a beautiful hand, but we cannot imagine perfect form gaining any additional beauty from being circled and striped by rings and loops of matter, however gay, dug from the dead material earth.

Some of the commonest forms of personal adornment have, we grant, a natural use that is more than an excuse for the regard in which they are held—a use that is a full justification. There is the ring, for example. It may be argued that perfect trust requires no outward token, that the man or woman who truly loves may see commonness and triviality in the thought that a ring of metal is needed as a reminder of the most absorbing and, shall we say, holy of feelings? There are very few however who can attain to this abstract perfectibility.

The world is full of proofs that human nature, when most unselfish, leans upon tokens and symbols, loves reminders and a sentimental stimulus. The patriotism that will carry men cheerfully to meet death is raised to a finer rapture at the sight of a tattered flag.

In the same way the average man or woman—unreasonable though it may be proved by the abstract reasoner who leaves human nature out of the question—is elevated, strengthened, and consoled by the sight of an acknowledged token of friendship or love.

And what symbol can serve its purpose so completely as a ring? It is convenient—carried naturally and always, without effort, without fear of loss, without cumbrousness, a reminder always in sight of the wearer and of others, in some sort a public confession and compact. But the fact that certain rings have a message is an argument against burying them in the midst of a vain display of other rings and trinkets that carry no message and are a material expression of less worthy and perhaps even sordid thought.

It may be we have been led to take a more severe view than the subject calls for, because of a revulsion from the easily-gained, unsocial, and vulgar ostentation to which personal finery, unrestrained by taste and a sense of fitness, lends itself.

At the back of all decoration of the body beyond the graceful wearing of necessary garments is the thought that man—"How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world!"—can scarcely be beautified, and may be demeaned by studding his limbs with bits of mineral matter, however rare and pretty.

Perhaps that is too idealistic a view, for certainly material things gain something beyond their intrinsic value by association with human feeling—the ornaments that are heirlooms and laden with a family story, the dainty trifles that are gifts and lose their value when the "givers prove unkind." These things cannot be placed under a sweeping condemnation.

It may be too that, just as there is a genuine charm in dress, from fitting character, from a sweet demureness to a most "admired disorder," so the more obvious ornaments, the rings and loops and bangles that have for a hundred generations and in all places charmed the feminine mind, may be made to serve an artistic purpose, to heighten partial beauty, or turn thought away from what is less fair.

Any way, the wiser plan has seemed to us to be to throw the balance of argument against the impulse for ornament, already too strong, appealing often to what is trivial in human nature, and sometimes to what is haughty, showy, and repellent. Personal adornment lays its lure chiefly for a surface judgment. It is so much easier to wear something attractive than to be in oneself worthy of admiration.

SELFISHNESS, greed of gain, injustice, oppression, egotism are not so much positive as negative sins. They begin in the desire for independence and the effort for self-provision, which are perfectly legitimate and right, and form the foundation of all human service. The advantages of this are clearly seen and earnestly pursued, but the virtue which is clearly its antithesis is weak and undeveloped. Generosity languishes, sympathy dries up, pity and compassion are dormant, and self-love degenerates into selfishness; the proportions of character are not maintained, and all kinds of evil result therefrom.

CHARACTER is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light footsteps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of the life, creates the character which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny.

STRONG impulses often blossom out into speedy and striking deeds. Passionate love is capable of sudden self-sacrifice; fierce anger brings the hasty blow; a compassionate impulse prompts a quick and kind deed; a love of fun may draw forth the most cruel ridicule. Yet such acts do not betray a strong purpose or a firm will; they are but the crude outbursts of crude feeling.

AFFLICTION comes to us all, not to make us sad, but sober; not to make us sorry, but wise; not to make us despondent, but by its darkness to refresh us, as the night refreshes the day; not to impoverish, but to enrich us, as the plow enriches the field; to multiply our joy, as the seed, by planting, is multiplied a thousandfold.

OBEDIENCE is a good and needful habit—it fosters the power of self-restraint in one important direction; but the wise educator will never be satisfied until it is supplemented by a training in strength of purpose and independent forceful thought, leading to wise and permanent self-government.

WHAT can we do, each of us, to help others to bear their burden of sadness? This: If we are merry, our mirth will not be lessened by trying to bring good cheer to others less fortunate than ourselves; if we too, are sad, our sadness will be made lighter by forgetting ourselves in thinking for others.

THE cowardice which is degrading, and which we should all deeply despise, is that lack of moral courage which leads us to stifle our own convictions and violate our own consciences for fear of the ridicule or contempt of some one who stands by.

TO-DAY'S privileges cannot be enjoyed nor to-day's duties discharged to-morrow. To-morrow may never come. If it has come, it will bring its own privileges and duties—privileges made less and duties made greater by to-day's neglect.

REMEMBER that, if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is goodness, not glory.

FOR one evil deed done with a strong purpose and a firm determination there are a hundred committed from the lack of power to resist.

A GREAT step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

IT should never be forgotten that each one of us is a part of the very society which we so freely criticize.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DOROTHY.—Cloves grow on many islands in the Indian Ocean. They are native to the Molucca or Spice Islands. The clove-tree grows to a height of about forty feet, begins to bear in its seventh year, and continues to be productive for from one hundred to two hundred years.

MOTHER.—As Septimus is the Latin for a seventh son, (we have known one or two Septimi in our time,) so Septima is the proper feminine name. But the Italian settima is soft and pretty, and so is the Greek "Epta" number seven. Take a choice from those three; they are each of them pretty.

G. L. M.—Since you ask us to decide the question, apart from any interest we may have in the matter, constantly borrowing a neighbor's paper, when in a position to more than subscribe for it yourself, is not only open to the suspicion of meanness, but it is an actual injustice. And this probably was what your friend hinted at.

R. L. G.—Instead of striving to keep abreast of the times, we think it would be better to fall a little behind till the dust has been laid. A vast proportion of the world's good books were written before our day. Nobody can judge present-day literature wisely who cannot test it by the standard of our own classics. A certain amount of up-to-date reading has many advantages, not the least being the providing of topics of conversation with those who will not read anything else; but a return to our best literature is a most useful corrective—we become aware that, although a great deal of writing now reaches a high level of merit, the best of it has hardly the "body" of the standard literature.

R. C.—To tan squirrel skins observe the following directions: First wet the skin; then lay it, flesh side up, on a smooth board, and remove all particles of flesh and fat that may be adhering to it. Tack it on another piece of board, and keep it moistened for about three days with a strong solution of salt and water, applied with a sponge or rag. It should be kept wet for three days longer with a strong mixture of alum and water. Then remove it from the board, and while still wet strew liberally upon it wheat-bran, and rub and roll it in your hands, until it becomes quite dry. The skin will be whiter and softer the longer it is treated in this manner. Care must be exercised while doing this to avoid tearing the skin. No disagreeable odor will be evident when it is thus finished.

M. C. A.—The author of the "Mother Goose Melodies" was an excellent and affectionate Boston grandmother, who composed the "Melodies" to sing to her baby grandson, over a hundred and sixty years ago. She made the house so ring with her songs that her son-in-law—the baby's father—got exceeding tired of them, and tried to induce her to stop her singing; but she wouldn't do it. She kept on, and nearly every day she whould have a song. At last her son-in-law, who was a printer, named Thomas Fleet, wrote down the baby songs of his mother-in-law, and printed them, along with all similar ones that he could find, under the title of "Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for children." He used the name "Mother Goose" in derision of his mother-in-law, whom he wished to punish for her refusing to stop singing the songs in his house when he requested her to do so. The book at once became very popular, and has continued to be a favorite with young people and children to the present day. You can get a copy of it at almost any bookseller's.

NAPATHA.—We fear we can hardly hope fully to comply with your request, "Kindly tell me all you know about visiting-cards:" but we will give half a dozen hints that are sometimes disregarded. First as to the cards themselves. If you have cards at all, it is as well to have them perfect. Cards are generally ungiazed—men's always. They should be printed from copperplate, like writing, and without flourishes. Printing from separate letters looks coarse, and is bad style. If you have a settled residence, mention it in the left bottom corner; but people who live in apartments write their address in pencil if it is wanted. Exchanges of cards take place only when an acquaintance has been informally made, but has reached a point of intimacy at which both persons feel that they ought to be more fully known to each other. Some people have a bad habit of hauling out their cards on the slightest pretext, and trying to force a closer acquaintance. You can generally escape them by taking their cards, and saying, "Thanks—my name is Jones." As to leaving cards, when a married lady whom you ought to know takes up her residence in your neighborhood, you should call upon her after she has had time to settle down in her home, and, whether she is in or not, leave one of your own cards and two of your husband's. Other occasions on which cards are left are the day after a ball, within a week after a dinner-party, in case of illness when making inquiries at the door, and as soon as possible after a death has occurred. Cards are not left on the occasion of every call at a house, provided the lady is at home. If she is not at home, leave the card as a token of your visit. Cards are sent in by the servant to the lady of the house when the degree of acquaintance is only slight: but you do not send in your card when calling upon a friend. If a long time elapses between two visits, cards are used. When you are leaving the town, either permanently or for a considerable length of time, it is usual to leave at your friends' house cards in the corner of which the letters "P.P.C." (pour prendre congé) have been written in pencil.

A PERFECT DAY.

BY M. R.

So you have found amid my treasures few
A bunch of withered violets hid away?
Ah me, my thoughts go back to that bright day
When those poor faded flow'rs were fresh and blue!

I did not dream that in the years to come
That day would be Life's fairest day for me,
That the sun ne'er would shine so tenderly
Again upon the hedges white with foam.

The subtle scent of violets filled the air,
The blackbirds lifted loud and lifted long,
And high uprose the thrushes' rapturous song,
And I was glad to see the world so fair.

For one who stood beside me whispered low
Sweet words and phrases in my willing ear,
And placed the earliest violets of the year
Amid my hair with tender touch and slow.

He broke the vows he whispered lovingly
The fair spring morning in the sheltered glen;
And yet she thought it sweet—he loved me then
And made that day a perfect one for me!

Twice Wedded.

BY A. H. L.

"MINE own till death!" Two loving hands clasped each other in the gloom of a wintry eve; two loving lips sealed their solemn vow under the stars; two loving hearts, in love's first faith, bound themselves in the tender troth death should find unbroken. Alas for life! alas for love! that so little should make the sunshine, so little should part the nearest and dearest for ever!

"Mine own till death!" With blushing cheeks and happy eyes, Kate whispered her lover's words as she sat by the fire after dinner that evening, her golden head resting in her mother's lap.

"Darling," said Lady Austin, her eyes dimmed with tears as she bent over the beautiful face, "may you be happy—as happy as I have been! Charles is a noble fellow. Kate, do not wound his feelings, dear."

"Mamma!" exclaimed the young girl.

"My dear, I fear for you," said her mother—"for your future happiness. You are both young, proud, passionate; and my little impulsive Katie must learn many a bitter lesson if she will not try to guard against her greatest fault. You and I know what it is, Kate."

"My poor unfortunate temper—eh, mamma? Well, I will try,—indeed I will."

"Hush, dear!" said Lady Austin; "the gentlemen are coming from the dining-room." And they entered as she finished the sentence.

The newcomers were Sir John Austin, a fine soldierly-looking man, his dark hair just tinged with gray, his only son, (familiarly called Jack, and very like Sir John), and a gentleman a head taller than the baronet, with a strikingly handsome figure, and a face of great beauty, but almost mournful in its thoughtful, yet haughty expression—Lord Arvaine, Peer of England, heir of one of her proudest, noblest families, Kate Austin's accepted lover.

They looked worthy of each other—she so graceful, so pretty, her bright hair falling round her fair face and sparkling eyes; he manly and handsome, with the light of talent in his eye, and truth and honor written on his broad brow and firm, resolute lips.

Sir John and Lady Austin gazed at them with gratified pride. The mother's heart might indeed have exulted at her daughter's winning the prize all the fair maidens of the county had striven in vain to secure; but, with truer feeling, she breathed a prayer that no shadow might fall on their happy lives—that they might never learn how much worse than poverty is wealth without sanctified love.

"There go the turtle-doves," was Jack's irreverent remark, as he came to his mother's side a few mornings after. She was at the breakfast-room window, watching Lord Arvaine and Kate ride down the avenue.

"They are very happy," remarked Lady Austin.

"They think they are," you mean, said Jack. "Oh, there's nothing like the mental deception lovers practice. It is only after the honeymoon that they begin to find out what is the true state of things, and really know how miserable they are."

"Jack, I wish you would find somebody to make you believe you were happy," answered his mother.

"You naughty mother," was the reply. "You want me to be miserable all my life for the sake of a month or two of imaginary happiness—as if I wasn't happy with you and the governor, without the help of any of the empty-headed dolls of young ladies common at the present day. But au revoir, mother: I am going over to Sharphunt to call on our new neighbor. From what I hear of his habits he will suit me exactly."

Playfully embracing Lady Austin, Jack ran down the steps from the window, and his mother looked after him with a sigh.

"Ah!" she muttered, "if Lady Claudia hadn't preferred strawberry leaves to the modest portion of a baronet's wife, Jack wouldn't have been so bitter against matrimony."

Sharphunt was a dreary old place, situated in a valley surrounded by thick woods. It had once been gay. In the olden time the merry green wood had echoed with sound of bugle horn, and fair ladies, with hooded hawk upon their wrists, swept, with knight and esquire, from the stately gateway of the castle. But all was changed.

The gateway had mouldered to ruins and fallen, like the stone memorials in the chancel of the chapel, raised to those who have gone forth to sport and tournament. The ancient castle was a mass of dismal remains, and the more modern portion, the square Elizabethan dwelling, was almost as dreary and dismal, with dust and cobwebs clinging to its mullioned windows, and the leaves of many Autumns rotting on its stately terrace and on the scarce trodden paths among the neighboring woods.

Jack went on with a curious glance around, and with still more curiosity to see the strange owner of the fair domain, who had left it for so many years in neglect and desolation, and now seemed quite content to live with the dreary decay around him. An ancient powdered footman ushered him into a spacious drawing-room, furnished with the relics of past grandeur.

Jack sat down on one of the faded chairs, and waited rather anxiously for the entrance of Mr. Talbot, whom he had never seen, Sir John being the only member of the family who had previously called at Sharphunt.

He entered presently—a pale, brilliant-eyed little man, with a tinge of deep scarlet on each dark cheek, and an expression of subdued power on his face. He was very polite to Jack, who was wonderfully taken with him, seeing that he appeared to have seen a great deal, and to know much, and he pressed very eagerly the invitation he had been commissioned to give; but it was only after a great deal of hesitation that Mr. Talbot consented to come to Austin Grange.

"I have lived such a hermit's life lately, you see, Mr. Austin, that I am hardly fit for ladies' society," he said: "but I will come, if only for the pleasure of having another chat with you."

* * * * * *

Better than most people, Mr. Wallace Talbot understood the difficult art of making one's self agreeable to persons of different dispositions; and he used this knowledge so well at Austin Grange, that in the few hours he spent there he managed to make every one hold him as one of the most pleasant, clever, good-hearted fellows that ever lived. Even Lord Arvaine forgot his first impression of distrust and dislike, and heartily echoed Kate's remark on the good qualities of their new neighbor.

Kate had had good opportunities of judging; for Mr. Talbot had talked to her for some time, and Kate's little head was dazzled by his brilliant, witty sayings and clever conversation.

Poor Katie! She little knew what she was doing when she glanced up at the quiet face of Mr. Talbot with her laughing, beautiful eyes, and shook the golden curls back from her face in coquettish grace as she answered his remarks. It was all unconsciously done.

Kate knew she was beautiful, and prized her beauty, because it won her love and admiration from those dear to her; but she never thought what a spell lay in her fair face, what dangerous witchery lurked in her radiant eyes, as she laughed and chatted and sang that Winter day, while the scarlet deepened in the cheeks of the thin little man who watched, and the smouldering light grew fiercer in his deep-set eyes.

Some days afterwards the lovers were wandering under the bleak shadows of the Wintry woods, talking with sunny, cloudless hearts. No shade darkened their future. What shadow could there be? And yet during that pleasant hour the first indication of the darkness to come crept over the horizon. They were going homewards, when a graceful horsewoman overtook them, and gaily touched Kate on the shoulder.

"Ma chere, how do you do? How are you Lord Arvaine? I hope you are quite well," and, with a defiant glance, she saluted him with her whip; afterwards rattling on to Kate: "When are you coming to Southdown, you naughty child? I suppose you have been so much engaged at home that you have quite forgotten me. Mind, you will have a scolding when you do come. Good-bye," she added, and cantered away.

"Katie," said Lord Arvaine, very seriously, "will you do something for me, dear?"

"What, Charles? I will do it if I can."

"It may cost you a little," he replied, "but you will do it, I am sure, darling. Will you give up your friendship with Miss Rowland?"

"Charlie, I have known her for years and years," said Kate. "What do you mean? I can't give her up. It would be wrong."

"I don't mean give her the 'cut direct,' of course, but merely do not be so friendly with her, dear Kate—not go to Southdown often."

Kate's eyes flashed.

"I don't see that you have any right to ask me to do such a thing, Lord Arvaine. Mamma does not object; I like Miss Rowland."

"She is a lady my wife should never be on friendly terms with," said the young nobleman, decisively.

"I will not be dictated to, Charles," was Kate's passionate answer. "I am not your wife, and if I were I should be friendly with Jennie if I liked."

"Katie," said Lord Arvaine, his face darkening with haughty displeasure, "you don't know what you are saying. I repeat, my wife should never be friendly with Miss Rowland. She should never enter Arvaine Castle; and I ask you to drop quietly your friendship with her."

"I will not, Lord Arvaine," she replied. "I will choose my own friends, and keep them."

"Let us change the subject for a time, till you are a little calmer, Kate," returned her companion with provoking calmness, though his face was dark with suppressed passion. But Kate would not talk, and the pleasant walk was finished in silence.

"Where are you going, Kate?" inquired Lord Arvaine, calmly, stepping out on the terrace beside her next morning.

"To Southdown," she answered, coldly. He did not speak then, but walked across the lawn with her in silence, stopping, however, and laying his hand on the little gate leading into the shrubbery.

"Kate," said he, "I ask you once more—Will you stay at home this morning?"

"I am going to Southdown," she replied, as coldly as ever.

"Will you promise me it shall be the last time?" he asked.

"Do you think I am a baby, to be treated thus, Lord Arvaine? Please let me pass," she said; "I will not give up Jennie—not for the whole world."

"Then, Katie," said he, "you care more for her than you care for me."

For a moment Miss Austin hesitated; but the unbridled temper of a lifetime could not be conquered by a few soft words.

"I would not be dictated to, Charles. Your love for me must be slight if you cannot let me have my own way in so small a thing."

"Don't let us reproach each other, Kate," returned the young nobleman. "Take your choice. If you prefer going to Southdown to yielding your wishes to mine in this respect, I must ask you to relieve me from my engagement."

A burning flush of anger rose to Kate's face.

"It is better for us to part," she replied. "What happiness would there be for either, when one would be a tyrant, the other a slave! There is your ring, Lord Arvaine. Be kind enough to let me pass."

He stepped back, and opened the gate, mechanically taking the ring she offered; and, without a glance at his face, Kate passed into the shrubbery, and out on the road to Southdown. She told the whole story to her friend.

Another visitor came to Southdown, and spent the day there, as well as Kate—Mr. Wallace Talbot. Miss Austin gave herself no time for thought till she bade Mr. Talbot good-bye at the shrubbery gate, and crossed the lawn with lingering steps, hoping that Lord Arvaine was gone. Her mother came to meet her stern and sad.

"Lord Arvaine has gone, Kate. Child, child, do you know what you have done?"

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The soft Spring air floated into the pleasant room where Lord Arvaine lay, still weak from his recent illness. He had lifted his head on his hand to look out of the open window on the bright garden and the blue tors in the distance, and a welcoming smile lit up his pale face as a young lady with a bright-colored ribbon in her dark hair and a sweet, candid eye tripped through the flowers and entered by the low window.

"Have you been asleep, Charles?" she asked, coming to his side with the tender anxiety of a loving nurse.

"No, dear; I have been enjoying the air and the flowers, and the hills yonder, that tell me I am in fair Caledonia; and I have been thinking, Mary."

"Against orders," said Mary; "you must not think. Natural impossibility, I suppose your scientific lordship will tell me; but you must forget that there is such a thing as sorrow in the world till you are stronger."

"Nay, Mary, cousin mine," he replied. "I think you are wrong. Is it not better to think of sorrow, if it can be taken away?"

"That's a very different thing. Charles, do be happy again, if you can."

"I mean to try. We learn the lessons of life very quickly on a sick-bed, that we may leave only for the grave; and I think I have learned one I needed greatly—the foolishness of pride."—"It is indeed foolish," said Mary.

"I was wrong," he added; "I feel so now. If I had only been gentler, we might have been saved all this sorrow. Poor little Katie!"

"Perhaps it is best, after all," remarked Mary. "You will each have learned to bear with the other better for this trial. Life cannot be all sunshine, but the shadow makes the light more precious."

She sighed as she spoke; her cousin, however, was too occupied with his own thoughts to mark the secret shadow that rested on the bright spirits of Mary.

"Dear Katie!" he continued, "I never loved her so well as I do now. We shall have such a happy Summer, and I will gradually wean her from Miss Rowland."

"And end your lives, like the orthodox fairy tales, 'by being happy ever after,'" said Mary. "You ought to be happy, Charles."

"Don't give too bright a picture, Mary; I am so weak that I shall believe it just now. You are a dreadful flatterer: Jack says all ladies are, and I believe him. Dear old Jack! She'n't I be glad to see him again! Do you feel warm, Mary dear?—your face is scarlet."

"A sudden flush," answered Mary, with a forced smile. "Is Mr. Austin married yet?"

"No, nor likely to be," replied her cousin. 'He is a sworn bachelor; poor fellow, Lady Claudia preferred to be a countess rather than Jack's wife. Do you remember that Autumn, Mary, he and I spent here the year before last? Wasn't it pleasant?"

"Very," she replied; "but I shall not allow you to talk any more, Charles. Dr. Thompson will be scolding. Now, not a word more."

Lord Arvaine obeyed the orders of his nurse, and lay back on the cushions in silence, impatiently anticipating the time when he should be able to leave his aunt's pleasant Highland home, where he had gone in his first fit of anger, for Austin Grange and his own beautiful ancestral home.

Days always appear to pass more slowly when one wishes them over; and the fortnight seemed a month to Charles till he was permitted to undertake the long journey. The day came at last, and with buoyant spirits and happy hopes he bade his aunt and cousin farewell, and started for the South.

He had a very pleasant journey, reaching the little Austin station in the early evening; and, leaving his luggage to be sent for, he walked up the green lane, and entered the familiar woods of the Grange, beautiful in the first flush of Spring.

With rapid footsteps he traversed the tiny footpath leading to the avenue, but stopped with a glad bound of the heart on coming to a little opening where a tiny summer house stood shrouded by creepers; for leaning against the green trellis porch was Katie, clad in white, swinging her hat idly in her hand, her bright curls hiding the sweet face he was so eager to see.

A great black dog crouched at her feet, and turned, growling fiercely, at Lord

Arvaine's advancing footsteps. A man was standing just within the summer-house, but Charles saw no one but Katie as he came eagerly forward and clasped her hands.

"Katie, my darling!—say you will forgive me, Katie."

With a low cry she snatched her hands away, and turned her horror-stricken face upon him, with a look that Charles never forgot.

"Kate, speak to me, my darling."

"Lord Arvaine," responded Kate, "you must not stay; you must not speak to me. I am married: I am Mr. Talbot's wife."

"Lord Arvaine does not mean to say he never heard of the gay wedding last month at Austin Church?' sounded a voice close behind, that made the miserable young man turn and confront Mr. Wallace Talbot. "Excuse me, Lord Arvaine, if I question your ignorance that Miss Austin was my wife," continued Talbot.

Without a word to the defiant husband, Charles turned to Kate.

"Mrs. Talbot, may you be happy! It is my most fervent wish," he said, and, raising his hat, he strode away through the gathering gloom, his heart aching with a terrible agony that his proud nature could scarcely subdue, his haughty lips quivering.

"I wonder, young lady, what you would have said to his Lordship if I had not been here?" growled her husband. "A pretty heartrending interview it would have been."

"Wallace, how can you be so cruel?" exclaimed Kate, despairingly. "Do you think I could forget that I am your wife?"

"It isn't likely you will, my dear," was the sneering answer: "I shall be careful to remind you of it. Pick up your parasol and come home."

"You promised me I should go to the Grange," she moaned. Wallace, you promised. I have not been home for a week."

"Home? Sharphunt is your home till we go abroad, my wife. You imagine you will see his Lordship of Arvaine again at Austin Grange. Do you think I cannot see that you care for him? Kate, do you think I don't know, and not hate you for it?"

"You cannot hate me more than I hate you," she answered, passionately, with a flash of her old temper: "I hate and detest you."

His only answer was a smile; and Wallace Talbot seldom smiled save in the extreme of passion. Kate shrank back, in deadly fear, at the sight of his gleaming teeth and sparkling eyes, lifting her hand to ward off an expected blow.

"I shall not strike you now," he said, smiling again. "But remember your words this night. I will be avenged for them, and your love for Arvaine too. Now, come home."

Seizing her arm with a grasp that made her shriek with pain, he led her through the darkening shadows to their dreary home among the woods.

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Lord Arvaine went to Arvaine Castle that night, but the next morning he rode over to Austin, impelled by a feverish wish to know the particulars of Kate's marriage. They were all glad to see him, and in great sorrow about Kate. She had changed sadly before her union with Mr. Talbot, and had become wayward and obstinate. Lady Austin ascribed this to the influence of Miss Rowland. She shed many tears as she spoke of her daughter's sad face and unhappy life. She had reaped what she had sown.

Charles would not stay at the Grange, but after lunch went back to his solitary home. He had made up his mind to go abroad, perhaps for ever, he told Jack, as the heir of Austin walked down with him to the lodge gate.

"You are a muff if you do," remarked Jack. "Catch me giving up home and friends because one woman out of the many millions in the world chooses, metaphorically, to 'spite her own face!' I'll tell you what will be a much more sensible thing. Take a tour with me, till Fitz Arne accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, which he says he is going to do next month; and then come back and give your support to the future representative of Austin—that's myself. Then we'll go up to Parliament, and do our duty. Eh? What do you say to that?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow, Jack," was his answer; and, with a hearty shake of the hand, the friends parted.

After a night's torturing thought, Lord Arvaine came to the conclusion that he must go somewhere or do something, and accordingly sent a note over to Austin, consenting to the arrangement, if Jack would be ready that same evening. They fixed upon Scotland as their place of visit; and before three days were over, Lord Arvaine and Jack found themselves domiciled in the house of Mr. Armstrong; for Lord Arvaine, feeling that a relapse of his illness was coming on, hastened to reach the shelter of that happy home, and the care of the only mother he had ever known.

For weeks he lay hovering between life and death; and Mrs. Armstrong, and Mary, and good-hearted blundering Jack, nursed him with the tenderest care. Sorrowful, yet happy weeks, were these—the happiness of his life Jack declared; for it was then he learnt the value of woman's true love by the death and fervor of his own. In those same weeks the shadow fled from Mary's life, and she was perfectly happy when Charles was declared out of danger the same evening that Jack told her in vocal language what his eyes had told for some time, and she became the betrothed bride of the heir of Austin Grange.

By the period the borough of Austin required a Parliamentary representative, Lord Arvaine was convalescent, and insisted on giving Jack the support of his presence; for they had received the news that the borough was to be contested. But not till they reached Austin did the friends hear that the new candidate was Mr. Wallace Talbot, who had been converted to extreme Liberalism, and preached the doctrine of universal and progressive reform to the sturdy tradesmen and money-loving electors—with the aid of alcohol and current coin of the realm.

He seemed to have gone wild on the subject of the election, and spared neither time, nor money, nor influence, to secure the letters M. P. after his name. As energy and determination are very infectious, Jack went wild too, and the quiet little borough followed the example, and echoed from morning till night with election cries, caught from the many-colored placards posted on the walls, proclaiming the rival qualities of the brothers-in-law.

The day of nomination came at last, ushered in by the usual amount of noise and bustle, and the candidates made their appearance and speeches. There was a large and fashionable crowd gathered round the nominating platform; but the only ladies who wore the Liberal colors were Miss Rowland and the wife of the Liberal candidate, who, separated from her mother by a long row of handsome equipages, leant back in her faded carriage to hide the pale miserable face that told so plainly the torture she was enduring. On the platform were the Mayor and Corporation, Sir John Austin, Lord Arvaine, a Liberal Peer come down to nominate Mr. Talbot, and many others.

Lord Arvaine made a most eloquent speech in favor of his friend, and was loudly cheered by the crowd. He sat down amid a perfect ovation; for he was justly loved and respected by all. But no smile came into his face as he bowed his acknowledgments: he was looking along the line of carriages beneath for the livery of Sharphunt.

His eyes were resting on it with pain unutterable, when the Liberal Peer rose to nominate Mr. Talbot. He spoke well, but the hisses and cries of disapprobation from the swaying mass showed how the tide would turn. Mr. Talbot's face flushed a deep scarlet as he heard them, and he stepped in blind passion to the front of the platform with an angry gesture.

"He will fully represent your wishes in Parliament," went on the unlucky orator; but he was interrupted by a cry of dismay from Sir John. The Liberal candidate was lying on the ground, his thin lips flecked with foam, his eyes glaring. As Sir John and his son bent over him, he smiled a ghastly smile and closed his eyes. He was dead.

"Katie—go to her—tell your mother," whispered Lord Arvaine to Jack, who darted off instantly; but there was no need to tell the new-made widow. She had seen her husband fall, and understood aright the murmur that passed along the awed crowd and the pitying glances at the lonely wife. When the family reached the Sharphunt carriage, Kate lay in a deep swoon. Lady Austin took her seat by her side.

"Austin Grange," was her brief direction; and when Kate opened her eyes it was to find herself in her own room, with her mother's anxious face bending over her. She looked round with a shudder.

"Is it all a dream, a terrible dream, mamma," she asked. "Oh, I remember now," and a quiver of deep pain crossed her face.

"My child, you will be my own little girl again, now," said her mother. "Think of the past three months as a dream."

"It is too new, too terrible," replied Katie. "Oh, mamma, I wish I could love him a little; it seems so dreadful for him to go—to think I shall never speak to him again. Oh, mamma, how wicked I have been!"

She then burst into a fit of hysterical weeping which Lady Austin could not subdue for a long while. It passed at last, and she fell asleep, with her mother's hand tightly clasped in hers.

Lady Austin gazed at the changed, worn face with tearful eyes. Kate had reaped a terrible harvest for the petulant anger that had wrecked her life. It never could be amended, the mother thought, sadly; for, however bright the future might be, the memory of the past would ever be tarnished and mournful; it never could be the same again.

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Mr. Wallace Talbot was buried with the honors due to the master of Sharphunt, and speedily forgotten by all save a few, who remembered him only with bitter pain. Sharphunt was pulled down by the next heir, a London merchant, and a new mansion, redolent of ornamental stucco, was erected on the site of the old baronial pile; but before the London merchant gave the grand fete, as house-warming, to all the elite of the county, many changes had taken place.

Of course Jack was returned unopposed. He and Lord Arvaine took their places in their relative houses, Jack doing his duty like a Briton, while Lord Arvaine, in the Upper House, astonished the county and himself by his new-found gift of oratory; and before the end of the session he was looked upon as one of England's future statesmen. He worked hard all that summer; and in the recess he and Jack went grouse shooting in the Highlands, making their headquarters at Mrs. Armstrong's, who was gradually resigning herself to the necessity of losing Mary in the spring.

It was Christmas-tide before Jack returned home, leaving Lord Arvaine still in Scotland. Sir John and Lady Austin were delighted to have him home again; so was Kate, though she never said so. The bright-spirited girl was now a chastened thoughtful woman. Jack could not bear to see her so quiet, and tried hard to cheer her up by his boisterous raillery; but he could not bring one of the old merry smiles to her face, though she endeavored to be cheerful for his sake.

Lord Arvaine surprised them all by coming down in the Christmas week, on a flying visit, to settle some accounts with the steward. Kate would not see him. She quietly went out for a walk when he called at the Grange, and the Earl went back to Scotland without a glimpse of the face he loved so well; a few days afterwards, however, he wrote Kate a letter, begging her to renew the engagement, and forget that the past had ever been.

Stained and blotted with tears, with a beating heart, the letter was laid among her treasures; but she answered it in a few quiet mournful words, saying the past could not be forgotten—that it must part them forever. She believed it to be her duty, poor child—believed it was pity, not love, that made him conquer his pride, and that he never could care for her again; but the hand that folded the letter trembled with wild, passionate pain, and the address was blurred with hot tears.

The winter brightened into spring, and the primroses began to peep from the glens of Austin woods. In the latter end of March Kate received an invitation from a cousin of her mother to join a party that had assembled at their house for the Easter week.

Kate was very unwilling to go, but Lady Austin gently insisted, believing the change might do her good, and that companions would cheer her up; for Kate had no intimate friends now, since Miss Rowland had married an East India millionaire, and bidden farewell to quiet Southdown, much to Lady Austin's delight. So Kate, perforce, accepted the invitation, and found herself on the Saturday before Palm Sunday in a rambling old Devonshire house by the sea.

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Mrs. Ellis was delighted to receive her favorite cousin, and laughed and chatted away merrily as she escorted her to the pleasant room looking over the sea reserved especially for Kate herself, as Mrs. Ellis told her.

"Make yourself look your prettiest, my dear; for there is a gentleman down stairs I have made up my mind you shall marry."

"Mrs. Ellis, don't" said Katie.

There was a very wicked look in the eyes of her hostess, but she answered quietly, "Then I won't. Come down into the drawing-room when you are ready; you know the way."

The drawing-room was full of people, some of whom Kate knew, and to some she had to be introduced. She was standing chatting with the rector of the parish, when Mrs. Ellis came up to her, with a tall, stately gentleman.

"Katie, do you know Lord Arvaine?"

She turned quickly, and mechanically laid her hand in his, with a few formal words of greeting; but the room appeared to be whirling, and she gladly accepted the seat the rector offered her. Lord Arvaine sat down by her side, and they tried to talk like common acquaintances, but in vain. Kate had forgotten the English language, and Charles could not get beyond monosyllables; so they gave up the attempt in despair, and Kate walked to the other side of the room.

The next few days Katie carefully avoided Lord Arvaine, and Mrs. Ellis's well-concocted scheme seemed doomed to failure.

On Wednesday afternoon the party set off on an excursion round the rocks by the sea, intending to return by the road. Lord Arvaine declined to join them, and was walking up and down the terrace smoking, when Katie, in walking attire, came from the garden gate towards him, not seeing anyone on the terrace till she was nearly close to him. She looked up with a start and a vivid blush when she saw Charles.

"Lord Arvaine alone? Where are the others?"

"Gone round the sea shore," he answered, looking steadfastly down into her changed face.

"How annoying!" said Katie. "I wanted to go with them. I shall soon overtake them."

She darted away across the lawn before Lord Arvaine could speak. He looked after her with tender, loving eyes, and resumed his walk and cigar, thinking, hoping that all would come right at last.

Man is a gregarious animal, and Charles began to feel lonely; so, following the instincts of his nature, he went over the lawn to meet the others, and, seeing nothing of them, walked to the bottom of the road that leads to the rocks. A man was leaning over his garden gate near there, smoking his pipe in the balmy twilight; and Charles stopped and asked him if the Hall party had passed.

"Ees, sir. They're gone that way," he said, pointing up another lane. "But I've just been thinking, sir, I haven't a seed that young lady who followed 'em. If she went down thicky rocks, I'm afraid she be a caught by the tide. I was just a coomin' oop to the Hall when I thort on it."

"Is there any danger?" asked the young nobleman, his face growing pale.

"Well, there be danger surely, specially when the night and the tide coom to gether; but I'll go oop to the Hall and ask if she's home."

"Yes, be quick," said Charles; "which is the way to the rocks?"

"Thicky way, sir; but Lor' bless ee, it ain't nort a good you're going: you must have a boat," said the man; but Lord Arvaine had strode away.

It was very dark under the cliffs, but the young nobleman went rapidly on, though the white surf of the advancing breakers, dashed about him, and the path was covered deeper with water every moment. Presently he heard a cry that thrilled through his every nerve.

"My darling, I am coming!—be still, I am coming!" he called, dashing bravely on.

A rock covered and surrounded by the sea, clinging to the seaweed a frail form with golden hair falling round a black dress, a pale, frightened face—such Lord Arvaine saw in the gathering gloom. He was a capital swimmer, and made his way quickly through the breakers to her side.

"Be brave and calm, my darling."

There was no time for explanation. Like a child she followed his directions, and in a few moments they stood on terra firma, in a little cove above high-water mark.

"Your calmness has saved your life," was Lord Arvaine's first remark.

"My calmness!" she repeated: "I should have died but for you, Lord Arvaine."

She was trembling violently, and he passed his arm round her.

"My darling, will you give yourself to

me? Will you let me be happy again?"

She burst into tears, but did not shrink from his encircling arm. He drew her closer to him, and pushed the wet clinging hair from her face.

"You will not let a shadow part us, Kate? We have both learnt a lesson."

"Can you forgive me, Charles? Can you forget?" she murmured.

"My dearest, let us both forgive and forget the sorrowful past, and only remember it to make us wiser and better in the future, my darling—mine till death."

A loud shout, a gleaming lantern, the dash of oars, broke upon his ear, and they hastily went to the edge of the cove.

"All right?" shouted Lord Arvaine, cheerily—"all right!"

A hurra of joy broke from the rowers as they drew the boat to the side. Kate was wrapped in a large shawl and cloak, and seated in the stern; and soon the keel grounded on the sand where Mrs. Ellis and the party anxiously waited tidings.

Warmth and comfort effectually prevented any ill effects following their cold bath, and Kate came down next morning looking happier than any one in the circle, save Lord Arvaine. Holidays soon come to an end, and the Earl had to go back to his Parliamentary duties; but first he took Kate home to Austin Grange, and won her promise to an early marriage.

In May Jack was married to Mary Armstrong, and came back from the honeymoon just in time to be present at the gay wedding at Austin Church between his sister and the Earl of Arvaine.

What the Violets Said.

BY M. H. A.

SPRING had come again—glad beautiful spring, with her sunshine and her showers. Here and there in Dorothy's garden a little fern was springing from the rich brown earth, and pale-eyed primroses were growing in clumps beneath the privet hedge.

Dorothy was standing thoughtfully beside her violet bed, the sunlight falling in bars of gold upon her pretty hair, and, as she bent her head over the purple flowers, she sighed heavily. They recalled to her mind Dick Travers, the gallant soldier who left Glencallier so suddenly exactly a year before that fickle spring day.

He and Dorothy had been great friends at one time, and perhaps that friendship might have grown into something warmer later on if Lady Rollo had not interfered. Of course her ladyship had meant to be kind, but nevertheless Dorothy wished many a time that she had left them to the old friendly way which was so pleasant to at least two of the parties concerned.

Dorothy was an orphan, and such she had been ever since her thirteenth birthday six years before. Since that date her home had been at the Towers, Glencallier, with Lady Rollo, who was her guardian. Thus it was that her ladyship had considered it necessary for her to say a few words to the girl concerning Dick and his intentions.

The girl's father had left a few thousand pounds for his daughter in the Rutherford Bank. It would never do to give an heiress away to the first bidder, especially such a bidder as Dick Travers, who had only his good looks to commend him.

Dorothy was naturally very deferential to the lady who had befriended her during the last six years of her life, and, moreover, she placed great confidence in her guardian's advice and experience. Therefore, when Lady Rollo said to her one day, "My dear, beware of fortune-hunters!" she began to regard suspiciously the young men into whose society she was thrown, and to weigh their motives when they showed her marked attention.

Shortly before this a detachment of Highlanders had taken up their abode in the barracks at Drumfechan, a military town distant from Glencallier about five miles; and, to Dorothy's astonishment, one fine morning a young officer in all the glory of his Highland uniform made his appearance at the Towers and craved an audience with Miss Dorothy Graham. Still more surprised was she when the young officer turned out to be her old friend Dick Travers, whom she had not seen for the past six years, and who in the interval had grown so tall and handsome that her maiden eyes were more than delighted with him.

"Isn't he splendid, Aunt Rollo?" she said enthusiastically, as soon as the door closed on her departing visitor.

"A fine young man, my dear," was all her guardian vouchsafed in reply.

And this remark of her ladyship's was a true one, for a very fine young man was Dorothy's friend, Lieutenant Dick Travers; but, had Lady Rollo known how upright and honorable he was, she could never have suspected him of having any designs on her ward's fortune. But suspect him she did, and that to such an extent that at last she had found herself called upon to sound the note of warning to Dorothy against fortune-hunters.

"If Dick cares only for my money, of course I don't want to have anything more to do with him," she told herself very dolefully; and, though her heart told her that it was not so—that Dick really loved her for herself alone—she could not get rid of the uncomfortable impression Lady Rollo's words had made upon her. To add to her perplexity, Dick himself had been cold and strange to her during the past few days.

This coldness however had arisen not from any change of feeling towards Dorothy, but from a few hints thrown out by Lady Rollo. During an interview which took place between them, her ladyship, with many smiles, had confided to Mr. Travers a pet little scheme of her own, which had to do principally with Lord Thomas Gordon of Drumfechan and her ward Miss Dorothy Graham. It would be such a comfort to place the dear child beyond the reach of fortune-hunters, Lady Rollo had said, for, with her beauty—and Dorothy was exceedingly pretty—to say nothing of those thousands in the Rutherford Bank, she was certainly entitled to "look high." After that, Mr. Travers had paced back to Drumfechan barracks in what his brother-officers called a bellicose state of mind.

The very next day he went direct to the Colonel and requested leave of absence, which however was not granted to him owing to the arrival of special orders from headquarters.

Summer had glided into the place of her sister spring when the Highlanders received word to hold themselves in readiness for foreign service, and a few days later they embarked en route for the East.

So it happened that Lieutenant Dick Travers took his departure without one word of farewell to his friend, Miss Graham, at the Towers. There was no saying how she might receive him after what Lady Rollo had said, so perhaps it was better, as matters stood, to go away quietly and vow never again to have anything to do with a pair of violet eyes.

Dick had scarcely been gone six months when a most unexpected occurrence took place—the Rutherford Bank failed. Yes—all those thousands that Lady Rollo thought had been so jealously guarded were lost at one fell swoop, and poor Dorothy was almost penniless. It was really a very sad state of affairs, Lady Rollo mused, for of course it would be of no use now to think of Lord Thomas. Dorothy was by no means heart-broken at the turn affairs had taken.

"Now, if Dick could come to Glencallier only once again, I could see whether or not Aunt Rollo was correct in what she made me believe about him," she pondered.

But all this had happened several months back, and Dorothy in the meantime had heard nothing of her old friend Dick. Winter had come and gone, the spring had arrived, and once more Dorothy's garden was waking into life. Dorothy herself was standing thoughtfully beside her violet bed, with the evening's golden light falling on her pretty yellow hair.

"There is May Collingwoode at last!" she said presently, fastening a bunch of the sweet spring flowers into her white dress.

May Collingwoode was Dorothy's greatest friend and the pastor's grandchild, a pretty dark-eyed girl of twenty or thereabouts.

"Oh, Dottie darling, how beautiful you are!" was this young lady's first exclamation as she opened the garden gate.

"Nonsense, May; so are you!" rejoined Dottie. "But what has kept you so long, dear? Aunt Rollo has gone to Drumfechan to dine with the Laird, so we are to have tea all alone. Come along!"

"Don't let us go in yet, Dottie; I have something to tell you which cannot be told in the house. What do you think it is about?"

"Muffins perhaps," guessed Dorothy, having a thought for the luxuries of the tea-table within doors.

"Wrong—quite wrong," said May very gravely. "You will never guess at that rate, Dottie. Something about the Highlanders—there now!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"The regiment has not been ordered back to Drumfechan—no such luck, I am afraid," Miss Collingwoode continued—"but one of the officers is staying in Glencallier just now—your old friend Dick Travers, who was wounded so dreadfully, you know, at Tel-el-Kebir. Aren't you astonished?"

"When did he come?" asked Dorothy, pulling a spray of honeysuckle to pieces.

"Oh, how could I tell you, my dear? Granny says he must have left his heart behind him somewhere; but that is all nonsense, of course. But just imagine, Dottie dear, if he were to call here!"

"I think tea must be ready now," said Dorothy suddenly; and accordingly they went into the house together.

That evening passed very slowly, May Collingwoode thought. Never before had she found her friend so silent and preoccupied.

"What can be the matter with her?" May wondered, glancing at the pretty little figure on the opposite window-seat. "She must be ill, surely!"

Then a glimmer of the real state of affairs dawned upon her—a glimmer which grew brighter still a few minutes longer when Dorothy said—

"Have you any idea where Mr. Travers is living just now, May dear?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied. "He has taken lodgings in old Janet Jamieson's cottage—just next to the Manse, you know. I hope he means to stay some time—don't you? Grandfather says he is a very fine young man."

"I suppose so," assented Dorothy, with a half-suppressed sigh.

During the silence which followed the clock struck eight.

"Now I must really go," said May, folding up her work, "or granny will scold me for being late. Will you walk as far as the gate with me, dear, and give me some of those beautiful violets?"

Then they went into the garden together, and Dottie gathered a bunch of her favorite sweet sweet-scented flowers.

"Thank you, dear. Good-bye! Don't forget there is choir practising to-morrow evening!"—and, with a light step, May hurried down the dusty road, while Dorothy stood at the gate looking after her.

At that moment there was a clever little plan in Miss Collingwoode's head—a plan which had entered it owing to the old, old story which Donald McEwen, the doctor of Glencallier, had told her so tenderly during the past Christmastide.

"I would do anything to make Dottie as happy as I am," thought kind little May; "and grandpapa is sure to think I have done quite right when I explain all about it to him by and-by."

Thus communing with herself, she crossed a sweetly scented meadow, passed a clump of willow-trees that partly hid a laughing little burn, and so reached Janet Jamieson's cottage door, with the violets in her hand. Lieutenant Dick Travers was seated in the porch with a book.

"From Dorothy," she said simply, laying her violets upon the wooden bench beside the soldier. And, in spite of the deepening twilight and evening's purple gloom, it seemed as though a sunbeam had flitted across the dusky cottage garden.

"Thank you, Miss May!" said Dick Travers; but already she had disappeared like a flash of light into the garden of the Manse.

A few minutes later Mr. Travers was seen pacing along the road that led to the Towers. Across the clover-field and up the dusty road he went until he reached the garden gate at which Dorothy was still standing.

"I think Dick might have come to see me," she was saying to herself regretfully. "We used to be such friends long ago, and now he won't even leave his card or come over for a chat. How could I ever have believed what Aunt Rollo said about him? Dick would never be so mean!"

So busy was she with her own thoughts that Mr. Travers was standing beside her and watching the pretty pensive face for a full minute and a half before she discovered he was so near. Then she began to cry, hiding her face in her hands.

"Dear little Dottie, are you so glad to see me again?" said Dick.

But she would make no reply; so he imprisoned the two little hands and said something else. That it was something pleasant was evident from the fact that a sunny smile crept into the sweet blue eyes, and thus soldier Dick was satisfied.

Surely the violets had carried their message well!

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the hair bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

At Home and Abroad.

Some curious results are revealed in a table of divorce statistics gathered in France and England for the purpose of comparing this phase of social life in the two countries. France, it appears, heads the rather unenviable list, with one divorce to every eighty seven marriages, the average in England being one to every 577. In Paris alone the proportion is one to thirteen, with a still lower tendency ruling. Failure to support, drunkenness and infidelity are the three chief causes for separation there, as they, in fact, are in nearly all countries.

A certain woman, with a small income and a large heart, has a family of impecunious cousins—mostly girls of the type that cannot earn their own living, and let themselves helplessly down upon the nearest available benefactor. She worried over them last winter considerably, because she was sure the necessaries of life were running low in their little house, and she finally gave up her Christmas presents to her own family and sent the cousins a check instead. Two weeks later she met two of the girls at a tea—they always go to everything—and to her amazement each wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist. "Dear Cousin Jane," one of them said, effusively, "we were so grateful for your gift! We have wanted buckles for a year, and now we have gotten them through your kindness!"

In a land where titles are distinctions and define a man's social or professional or political status they are properly objects of ambition and competition. Hence it is gratifying to men of letters the world over to know that Queen Victoria proposes to establish three titled orders, or rather one order of three classes, for the benefit of deserving writers. Some 500 of these titles will be available for distribution, and the number of British baronets will be correspondingly increased. Men of talent and genius have been prone to impatience in the past over efforts to make fashionable their professions, but really society can do much for art, if it chooses, and, by elevating craftsmen in painting, literature, newspaperdom and the drama, help to elevate art itself in the eyes of the general public.

Having applied for admission to the Society of Colonial Dames of America as a descendant of Benjamin Franklin—a lineage which should have made her welcome in any truly patriotic body of her sex—a lady of New York has been blackballed by the founder of the said society on the ground that she did not approve of Mr. Franklin's manners and morals. One result has been to precipitate a disgraceful social row, which can only be settled in the Courts, if at all. Another likely result will be to split up and work irreparable damage to the society—an outcome which will be widely hailed as in the interest of sound morals and the public peace if it shall prove to be true that the organization has attempted to set itself up a self-constituted grand jury of female Peck sniffs to sit in judgment on the morals of dead and gone generations.

At an entertainment in Dublin a thought-reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hidden by one of the audience. The pin was hidden by a Trinity student in an adjoining room in the presence of the committee, all of whom was a confederate. The student, suspecting the man from his looks slyly took away the pin from its hiding place. On his return to the platform the thought reader gazed into the hider's face, and, putting his hand to his brow, was blindfolded and led the student to the hiding-place, but, of course, could find no pin. He returned, acknowledging his defeat, and looking daggers at his confederate. "Now, gentlemen," said the student, "I'll undertake to say that, if this drawer of the human mind will do as I [illegible] in this house without a single hint will know where the pin is." and turning to the thought reader, he said "Sit down." He did so. There was a yell, and jumping up, the thought reader hastily pulled from his coat tails the marked pin.

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Our Young Folks.

BOUNCE AND BUNCH.

BY A. M. D.

IT WAS a family of six—four sisters and two brothers. The brothers were called Bounce and Bunch. They were all pretty puppies, with big eyes and black turn-up noses.

Bounce was a trifle plainer than the rest, but then, to make up for lack of beauty, he was very bold and daring. He wanted to see the world; he was always talking of the wonderful things he would do when he grew up.

But Bunch was a dreamer, a stay-at-home.

These puppies spent a great deal of their time in a roomy box filled with straw. They had, too, a blanket to cover them at night or on chilly days. For the month was May, and you never knew what the weather was going to do next.

They lived in the country. Their master and mistress had a big house standing in a park. A lovely young lady, the master's niece, Miss Coral, was staying in the house; she had lately come over from America. The puppies, sisters and brothers, admired her very much, and she admired them, especially Bounce. She called him 'cute. He felt that must be something complimentary, from the look on her face when she said it.

Bounce, like some other clever people, was disposed to give himself airs. Bunch would sometimes smile in his quiet, superior way when his brother talked of the wonderful things he would do when he was grown up.

Bunch himself never said much: he was supposed by his family to think a great deal. Though whether his thoughts were worth anything, his family could not decide; time would show.

At present his relations were not quite sure—it often happens—whether he was more clever or more stupid than they were themselves. Bunch would sit for hours together, a long straw in his mouth and his eyes staring at nothing in particular. A puppy of extreme wisdom he looked on these occasions.

One May night Bounce was lying awake talking as usual, and his brother hit his ear to make him leave off.

"I want to go to sleep," growled Bunch, "and you will not let me—you and that tiresome nightingale. I never knew such a stupid bird."

"I'm afraid there's not much in poor brother Bunch, after all," whispered one little sister—she was sentimental—to another. "I've often wondered, when he looked so wise, if he were a post. But fancy complaining of the nightingale!"

"I'm going out," cried Bounce, jumping up suddenly.

"Out?" screamed his family.

Bounce nodded his head with decision, and he looked at Bunch with an air of saying "I defy you to try and stop me."

But Bunch was asleep.

"I'm going to get a bone," said the darling brother. "I know the way out of the house. I've never been out at night—won't it be jolly? I'll bring back a bone—enough for all of us, except Bunch. He must go without—there's no spirit in that fellow."

He turned up his nose with extreme difficulty, a trifle higher than Nature had turned it, as he looked at his sleeping brother.

"A bone? But where will you get it?" cried the sisters.

"From the mastiff's kennel: he's got a big one, a shoulder—I saw it to-day," said Bounce, trying to look as though this could be done as a matter of course. But he put on a dignified air and swelled with importance: he could not help himself, the deed was one of such extreme daring.

Monarch, the mastiff, had a great idea of his power and importance. The very look of him, when he showed his teeth, frightened away all tramps, and even two harmless butcher boys had refused to pass his kennel.

The very idea of Bounce—little more than a baby—with his funny curly tail and his impudent black nose, daring to rob Monarch of his dearest possession, a bone, made one little sister—it was the sentimental one—feel quite faint.

"I won't—I—go, Bounce dear," said another sister coaxingly. "Where's the good? Of course, you could get it—you could do anything; Miss Coral calls you 'cute. But suppose Monarch has finished the bone?"

To her surprise, Bounce was gone. Next morning he had not returned. He had been out all night, out in the cold. What could have happened to him?

When Bunch awoke and was told, he said nothing, but he looked whole volumes, and he gravely picked out the longest straw he could find and chewed hard. This was a weighty matter—Bounce gone; the family was extremely alarmed.

"We shall see now if there is any cleverness in brother Bunch," the sisters whispered. "Something must be done; perhaps he will tell us what."

But that is just what Bunch, for all his wise look, could not do. He thought of lots of things, but not one of them seemed right. He began to feel sulky. Here was a chance of showing the family that, for all Bounce's brag, he, Bunch, was by far the cleverer brother of the two.

At last he got up with dignity, and looked in his dreamy way, at the four sad faces of his sisters in the box. "I think," he said, "that the best thing will be to look for him; and if we can't find him, why, then we can't." Saying which, Bunch sat gravely down again.

"I always said there was something in Bunch," whispered the sentimental sister admirably. "Not a poet: oh, no—a philosopher, which is just as good, if not better."

"But here comes Bounce," screamed the other three.

And Bounce it was, but without the big mutton bone. Bunch would not look at him; he began to think hard again of the best way to make his brother feel disgraced.

Bounce ran to the box, and put his paws on the edge.

"You shall not come in!" cried his sisters. "Out all night; frightened us out of our senses; and no bone!" The fact of his not bringing the bone was worse than anything.

"Bones!" said Bounce with scorn; "I've had cream for breakfast, I have, and a cutlet. And I slept on the couch in Miss Coral's room."

"You did?"

"And I frightened a burglar," Bounce went on, with importance. "You need not curl your lip in that way, brother Bunch. It's true—a burglar! He was coming to steal Miss Coral's jewels. She's got a lot. Her father in America, so I heard the master say, is made of money."

"Made of money!" repeated Bunch in his grave fashion. And, picking up his straw, which he had dropped to sneer at Bounce, he began to think out this wonderful puzzle of a gold and silver father.

"The burglar had given Monarch a piece of meat which upset his stomach that he died," Bounce went on. "He offered me some. Ugh! As if I could take food from such dirty hands!"

"Horrible!" shuddered the dainty sisters.

"And I ran away from him, and I barked and barked," their brother continued, "until I woke the household. The burglar ran away, but the butler caught him. And Miss Coral made such a fuss over me, and the master's given me to her. I'm going to America. There! that's what comes of spirit, Bunch."

"But we shall lose you," cried the family.

"But I shall see the world," said Bounce. He was rather cold-hearted for all his cleverness.

And, after all, there's Bunch," sighed the sisters. "How clever he looks! There's a lot even in that!"

THE DEATH PLANT.

THE full African sun, from a sky of the hardest blue, poured down its fierce rays on the sandy plains beneath, which, already overcharged with heat, reflected them back from its yellowish surface, till the air felt like solid iron bands of heat. From the horizon came bounding along a herd of the jetel or hartebeest antelope, with their beautiful red chestnut skins glistening in the declining sun like the coats of well groomed stylish hunters. Rapidly approaching they stopped by a patch of nabbuk bushes to eat of the small fruit, which, like miniature apples about the size of nutmegs, had fallen in large quantities to the ground. The leader of the herd mounted a white ant hill to keep a faithful watch over his flock against any approaching danger.

Amid some tall grasses, that lay between the forest and the nabbuk bushes, a lion awoke from his midday sleep: he stretched himself lazily first with one paw, then with the other, and, with eyes half from sleep, surveyed leisurely the plain before him. Suddenly he spied the herd of antelopes feeding on the fruit of the nabbuk bushes.

At last the loosened muscles became firm, and drawn out like whip cord, the head rigid and attentive, the body crouched close to the ground, the eyes fixed, bright and cruel; the tufted tail quivering with emotion, moved slowly from side to side.

Softly and slowly he began to move amid the grass that lay between him and the nabbuk bushes, one clumsy shake of the grasses above him, or the slightest exposure of his body would have given the alarm to the watchful leader of the antelope herd, and a few moments would have seen them disappear on the clear-cut horizon.

Moving forward a few paces, with every step considered; then pausing, as if resting from the extreme tension that this cautious approach caused him, taking advantage of every bit of ground and cover with perfect judgment, the result of tradition and practice, the great beast crept on.

The lion at last came to the edge of the grass, a long space separating him from the nearest antelope. Could he spring the distance, or would he fall short, and slink away ashamed of his failure? He paused for a few seconds to collect together all his strength for the final leap; the body crouched close to the ground, and bent backward well over the hind hocks, the head firm and raised, the claws sent into the ground for a better grip, the body oscillating backward and forward a few times, and then with a great roar the tawny lion sprang.

He had measured his strength rightly: one great paw came down with sledge-hammer violence on the beautiful head of the nearest antelope. With growls and kind purrings the great beast began his work of destruction. Every now and then, as the lion lay across the mangled body of his victim, he would pause and look around, but with no fear in his look; for what other inhabitant of the waste would contest his ownership? What danger could lie in wait for him? And so he fed without any dread.

As the sun was about to set, a refreshing breeze came whispering from the forest over the sandy plain toward this strange mystery of life and death. Gaining in strength, it drove slowly on the fruit of the grapple plant, whose formidable looking hooks were awaiting to attach themselves to any passer-by, so that it might be conveyed to some spot, where the seed contained within the array of hooks might find suitable lodgment for growth.

Rounding themselves into balls, sometimes traveling faster, sometimes slower, sometimes stopping altogether, according to the varying strength of the soothing, refreshing breeze. On they came, dry, roundish balls, innocent-looking enough, and apparently not likely to do harm to anything.

At last one lazily rolled under the hind quarters of the lion as he lay occupied with his victim, and unrolling itself, the hooks very slowly got hold of his tawny quarters, at first so gently that the lion fed on unheeding. As the hooks got a firmer hold, they began to curl and creep into the flesh until a sudden grip revealed to the lion that something unusual was upon his quarters. With a deep growl he lifted himself off the carcass of the deer to examine the source of his annoyance.

At first he tried to brush off the fruit with a front paw, but the hooks had now got firm hold, and were not to be easily moved. After repeated efforts he desisted, and smelled it with his nose, not understanding what it was, or why it was there.

The hooks gradually tightening their hold were now giving him considerable pain, which caused him to [illegible] somewhat, and with angry growls he tried all the former with his front paws to remove the intruding fruit. But the more he tried to do the firmer it clung, and the worse grew the pain, till, driven to desperation, he seized the fruit in his mouth and tried to tear it away from its lodgment. But the fruit remained firm. Agonized with pain, he now lost his majestic self-control, and with savage mutterings tore away with all his strength.

At last the tenacious fruit gave way into the lion's mouth, but, still obedient to its nature, it wound its sharp prongs into the tongue, roof, and throat of the distracted and maddened beast. Then the dreadful death agony began. Growling, moaning, blinded with pain, the noble head jerking rapidly from side to side, the mane flying about in utter confusion, the mouth wide open, [illegible] up, rolling again, running round and round, standing still, lifting his head high up in the air, burying it in the sands; tearing at his mouth with his claws, the weary death struggle went on.

At last the weary death struggle gradually ceased, the convulsions and twitchings grew less and less violent, till perfect stillness stole over that habitation of strength and endurance. [illegible] the African moon shone [illegible] sky, [illegible] with [illegible] a troop, who looked upon the [illegible] wood. It shone on, this still, [illegible] in the midst of the universe of mystery.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A California woman has given birth to three sets of triplets—nine in all.

Certain of the New York authorities think of building fleets for the lodgment of tramps.

Miss Alice Rothschild has a passion for flowers. Her collection of roses alone is worth $50,000.

Major Heard, a dwarf, 29 years old, less than four feet high and weighing 47 lbs., has just died in Atlanta.

Baltimore is making arrangements for a centennial exposition in 1897. The Federal Government will be asked to subscribe $1,000,000.

Ancient coins, many of which antedate the Christian era, are made in large quantities in London, and are sold all over the world.

Incidental to making up lost time, a fast mail on the Union Pacific recently ran from the Platte to Council Bluffs at about 68 miles an hour.

A Paducah, Ky., farmer has brought suit against the American Protective Association for having broken one of his legs while initiating him into the mysteries of the Order.

An Irish Loyalist club has been formed in London with the object of forming a bond of union between loyalists in London and their fellow-loyal Irishmen in other parts of the Empire.

The Dwight Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, Mass., has just started what is said to be the largest cotton mill in Alabama at Gadsden. It has 30,000 spindles, and will employ 800 persons.

By the law of Scotland the bushes or shrubs planted in the garden belong to the landlord, and the tenant cannot remove them at the end of his tenancy. The English law is the same on this point.

The British crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39oz. 6dwt., troy. In it there are 3,852 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires and 11 emeralds.

Fifteen thousand tons of starch have been made from potatoes this season in Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota. This enormous output necessitated the use of nearly three and a half million bushels of potatoes.

At the Leipzig Stadt Theatre no one is admitted to his seat after a performance has begun, except during the intervals between the acts. In Bremen an association of theatre goers has been formed to obtain the same regulation.

A Springfield caterer, at whose place many fashionable functions are held, is going to use a megaphone this winter for summoning carriages of guests. He thinks this will prevent the usual confusion, and save the lungs of his employes and the nerves of his patrons.

Chief Williams, of the Columbia, Ga., police force, has a dog named "Fiddler," who oftentimes does detective work for the force. He goes out with the night squad and hunts the alleys. One night recently he arrested a man who was drunk and started to drag him to police headquarters.

The army of Venezuela on a peace footing consists of 1100 horsemen, 4000 infantry soldiers and 1000 artillerymen, exclusive of local militia and irregular troops. By the law of Venezuela, all citizens between the ages of 18 and 45 (both inclusive) are liable to service in the national militia.

The latest story about the Cuban insurgents is that they burn the sugar plantations by catching snakes, dipping them in crude petroleum, then setting fire to them and releasing them in the cane fields. The snakes run through the dry leaves and each of them makes a trail of fire.

Ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of Kansas are native Americans, according to the figures just compiled by the State Secretary of Agriculture. The colored population of the State, including Indians and Chinese, amounts to only 3.07 per cent. Of 1,314,734 total population 529,860 were born in Kansas.

William F. Foster, the inventor of the Foster glove hook, is dead. He was a merchant in Chicago at the time of the big fire, and that conflagration not only impoverished him, but left him $30,000 in debt. His invention—one of the simplest little things in the world—was devised 19 years ago, and since then has made him a rich man.

Professor Heinrich Fellmath, of Munich, has started the hobby of collecting street-car tickets. He has founded a monthly bulletin, "Trambilletsport," the object of which is to give pictures of tickets used for car fare in great cities, and furnish detailed information about them. He wishes to establish a society and a Trambillet Bourse.

California wine makers have just formed an association to maintain the price of sweet wines. Last year port was sold as low as 16 cents a gallon to the selling agents. The association, which has control of practically the whole available supply of sweet wines in California, has fixed the price of port at 25 cents a gallon, and angelica at 30 cents.

COME BACK.

BY I. A. V.

I love thee, dear, come back to me
My weary heart cries out for thee,
To see thy soft eyes radiant shine
With their old lovelight, rare, divine;
And hear thy lips so tenderly
Speak low and lovingly to me—
My heart it cries with bitter pain,
For that will ne'er occur again.

That I had Lethe to forget
My loss of thee, the toil, the fret,
The cares of life; for I would cast
The memory of the far-off past
Away; for naught can bring to me
Thee, with thy voice of melody—
O Heaven above, alone can know
I loved you so, I loved you so!

OF GOLD-MINERS.

Now that the attention of the entire world has been attracted to gold-mining by the magnitude of the outputs from South Africa and West Australia, perhaps a few of the experiences of a gold-seeker may not prove uninteresting. But I am not a miner of the present day; it is nearly half a century since I first set foot in California, and there is a vast difference between the way in which the precious metal is now extracted, and the primitive methods which were considered perfect in my time.

The miner of fifty years ago never dreamt of machinery, costly and magnificent, capable of crushing thousands of tons of quartz per week. He "dollied," or ground, his little bits of rock by means of a contrivance resembling a pestle and mortar, and it was only the very richest stone that repaid him for this labor.

In fact, there was very little crushing in those days, quartz not being easily found sufficiently rich to make such work a paying concern, and it was therefore alluvial gold which was chiefly sought for.

The gold-seeker having decided on the place where he was to make his first venture, provided himself with a shovel and pick and started for the "diggings." Gold-mining was then carried on all over California, and he had his choice of many camps.

But what a wild and lawless place was California in those days! Here in these gold-fields were gathered together thousand of the greatest desperadoes that the earth could boast of, and thousands of needy, if harmless, adventurers from every country in the world. Fortunately with them were mixed thousands of honest hard-working men, of every condition in life, from the peer to the peasant, men who had been doing well, or fairly well, at their professions, or in their business offices at home, but for whom the attractions of this El Dorado had proved too powerful.

Law of the land there was none, but "Judge Lynch" dispensed what was known as Justice, instead. His jurisdiction was certainly very summary, and he was far too inclined to convict on the slightest evidence; but I must say that without him no man would have been able to retain the fruits of his labor, or even to call his life his own. And yet, even as it was, human life was of very little account. Men went about armed to the teeth, and the slightest provocation was considered an excuse for drawing knives or pistols on each other.

In this way hardly a week passed without the occurence of some horrible tragedies. We would call the majority of the affairs murders, but Lynch law took a more lenient view; and provided there were witnesses to prove there had been at least some kind of a quarrel, the assassin invariably got off.

But to do "Judge Lynch" justice, I must acknowledge that he was stern enough when anything like a cold-blooded murder was brought under his notice. In fact, in cases of premeditated murder, public opinion frequently ran so strongly against the accused, that the greatest difficulty was experienced in securing him anything like a fair trial. On purely circumstantial evidence—sometimes of the weakest description—hundreds of men were hanged, many of whom were undoubtedly innocent.

Though there were many very successful miners on the Californian gold-fields, I would be inclined to say that, on the whole, the men who did best were the storekeepers. These charged enormous prices for everything, but then they had to bring their goods long distances—sometimes hundreds of miles—through a difficult country, and contend with every species of transport disability.

They had also to give considerable credit, and as may easily be imagined, made plenty of bad debts. Under these circumstances, such charges as I have seen—as, for instance, three dollars for a head of cabbage—were not perhaps so very extraordinary.

Until the Chinese came to the diggings, every man had to be his own servant. There was no such thing as getting any kind of menial work performed except on payment of prohibitive wages. In fact, it was known that—expensive as every kind of clothing material was—it was cheaper to buy a new shirt than to get the soiled one washed.

The advent of the Chinese, however, changed all this. When they arrived they were generally penniless, but they were willing to do any kind of work, and through industry and an enviable capacity of living on next to nothing, they soon saved money. As soon as this desirable result was attained, a dozen or so of them would club together to buy a claim, and such was their perseverance and energy, that they invariably did well.

AN AFGHAN BEAUTY.—The correspondent of a London paper describes an Afghan beauty as having blue-black hair plastered stiff with gums, and either worn in various forms on the head or plaited in long braids down the back. The margins of the ears are pierced and decorated with rows of small silver rings, while large rings hang from the lobes. The neck and breast are tattooed with little figures of stars and flowers, and the sparkle of the lustrous black eyes is enhanced by coating the lids with black antimony. The cheeks are rouged and dotted with little round moles of gold and silver tinsel fastened on with gum. A loose muslin or silk jacket of yellow, blue, or red hangs below the waist, and wide trousers of silk or other colored materials complete the indoor costume. On going out, the lady wears leggings of cotton cloth, gartered at the knee, shoes of red or yellow leather, and a boorkaposh or cloak. Some ladies wear horsehair veils, and others fasten vinaigrettes to their foreheads which contain attar of roses or other scents.

Grains of Gold.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.

Before we can become truly rich, we must first obtain the spirit of content.

The devil sees to it that a grumbler always has something to grumble about.

To choose time is to save time; and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

It is not the being exempt from faults, but the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there are none so useful as discretion.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example.

Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.

If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine which open the two beautiful flowers—trust and hope.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Femininities.

"Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maude?" "I go for the hims," said Maude.

The woman who is not afraid of a man would have been a hard citizen if she had happened to be a boy.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by a majority of nearly 200,000.

"Yes, it does look as if marriages were made in Heaven," sighed the mature girl; "at least, they don't seem to be made here."

Sara Bernhardt has been offered $200,000 for her autobiography. Perhaps that explains why she paid $7500 for one of her latest costumes.

Yvette Guilbert, the French celebrity, is responsible for the latest fashion of wearing long black gloves with evening dress. It is all the go in New York.

Ann Cleaves, of Matloch, England, lived to the age of 108. She was three feet nine inches high, and lived in a house built for her and especially adapted to her size.

A young Indiana woman, who, a year ago, married a disreputable young man in the confident hope of reforming him, has been sent to a reformatory for helping her husband steal poultry.

A young lady inquires: "How can I avoid being addressed if I walk out at night without a protector?" If you wear an old shawl and carry a clothes basket you will not be disturbed.

America has not an entire monopoly of rich heiresses. Lady Mary Hamilton Douglas, daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, will have an income of $1,000,000 a year when she becomes of age.

Miss Hesba Stretton, the English authoress, spent some years on the border of Epping forest. Her house there was given up because the "nightingales warbled so vociferously as to spoil her night's rest."

The municipal authorities of Worcester, Mass., recently decided not to allow girls to sell newspapers on the streets, because of the physical hardships and discomforts and of the evil influences to which they would be exposed.

Clara: I never saw such a beautiful collection of Christmas presents. Did you give your father anything? Dora: Why, of course. You don't suppose I'd forget my own darling father, do you? What did you give him? A perfectly lovely little gold pen, to sign cheques with.

Jones: Why have you that string tied about your finger? Smith: So I wouldn't forget an errand of my wife's. And what's the handkerchief tied around your arm for? So I wouldn't forget the string. And what did she want you to do? I've been trying to think for the last hour.

Niece: Auntie, dear, Mr. Malty, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his last picture. Ought I to send it to him? Aunt: Yes, you can do so, but be sure to enclose with it a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself!

There is a six-year-old boy who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony. "M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y," said the youngster promptly. "Now define it," said the teacher. "Well," replied the boy, "I don't exactly know what it means, but I know my mother has got enough of it!"

A couple in Richmond, Ky., on marriage bent, went hunting for the Justice of the peace the other day. The Justice is also an auctioneer, and not finding him at his office the couple went to his auction rooms. They found him auctioning a lot of cradles from a bankrupt stock. He was notified of the presence of the couple and their errand, and stopped the auction and married them on the spot. Then, to reciprocate his kindness, probably, the newly wedded pair bought one of the finest cradles in the stock. And the crowd of customers cheered.

A Russian girl had her way at Kharkhow recently. Her relatives forced her to consent to marry a man she disliked. When the wedding party appeared in church, however, and the priest asked her if she would take the man, she said "No." She would not yield to remonstrance, so the party returned home and argued with her. First her parents beat her, then the bridegroom's friend beat her. She was taken back to the church weeping and the service was begun again. But she again said "No," and this time the priest saved her from her relatives.

Mrs. Rulem: Your husband is still as devoted as a lover. I don't see how you manage. Mrs. Kissem: It's very simple. When he comes home late, I always pretend to be asleep; when he has a headache in the morning, I tell him he is overworked; when he leaves his hat in the parlor, his overcoat in the dining room and his overshoes upstairs, I quietly gather them up, and put them in the hall; and when we go to the theatre, I never forget to suggest that he should improve the shining hours between the ace by going out and talking business with his customers. Oh, it's easy enough to keep a man devoted, if you only know how.

Masculinities.

An Indiana man claims to be able to shed his skin.

It makes some men hot to throw cold water on their pet schemes.

He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving has but glanced at the joys of charity.

The Emperor of Japan is an all-round sportsman, devoted to riding, shooting, fishing, tennis, billiards and football.

If it is true that women marry through motives of curiosity, as the men allege, why do so many of them marry the second time?

Von Bulow when conducting one of Beethoven's concerts took off his white gloves and donned black ones in deference to the funeral music.

The youngest State official in Mississippi is said to be Milton M. Woodward, recently elected treasurer of Winston county. He is 21 years old.

Bagley: That pawnbroker bowed to your wife. Does he know her? Brace: I presume he feels that he does; he has seen her picture so often inside the case of my watch.

Archie Turpier, a pier watchman in New York, has rescued his twenty-first individual from drowning. He keeps a coil of rope handy to throw to those who jump or walk off the pier.

It said that the New York savings banks most largely patronized by working men show an increase in deposits of nearly $3,000,000 since the police began to close the saloons on Sunday.

"Then you think you can count on him as a friend?" "Why, only yesterday he said to me, 'If ever I need money, my old friend, rely upon me. Never would I address myself to another.'"

Muggins: Why is Newlywed so unpopular? He seems to have lost all his friends. Buggins: Well, you see his baby is just at that age when it does funny things for its father to tell about.

Old lady: That parrot I bought of you uses dreadful language. Bird dealer: Ah, mum, you should be very careful what you sez afore it; it's astonishing how quick them birds pick up anything.

"Mother," sobbed the young bride, "he is just as mean as he can be." "No, he isn't, dear," said the mother, soothingly. "A man can't really develop all his meanness till he has been married four or five years."

Mr. Softie: Is there anything I can do to prove my devotion? Miss Beautie: Y-e-s, there is, Mr. Softie: Name it, Miss Beautie: When you call, bring some handsome and entertaining gentleman with you.

An engineer on the Midland railway was blown off his engine by the wind recently while going at full speed without his fireman's missing him. He picked himself up unhurt, and walked to the next station to report.

First gentleman, just introduced: "By-the-bye, I did not quite catch your name." Second gentleman: 'My name is Wilkins. I didn't hear yours either." "My name is Hitkins. What is the name of the gentleman who introduced us?" "Give it up. Never saw him before."

Hadj Ali ben Cheik ben Aissa died recently at Medeah, near Algiers, at the age of 115. He was the owner of the great seal of the Cheik ben Aissa, which endows the whole tribe of Aissouas with the magical power to handle snakes with impunity. He left the talisman to his son.

A stranger entered the hardware store of A. Towle, of Wilmington, Ill., the other evening, said he wanted to buy a revolver, and requested it to be loaded. When handed him for inspection, he ordered Towle and a drummer in the store to hold up their hands. Then he stole $30 from the drawer and made his escape.

A 12-year-old bandit is the latest production of Athens, Ga. A few days ago a diminutive darkey, Albert Walker, stole a horse, and with a big pistol in a belt buckled around his waist, mounted his horse and rode complacently down the principal streets of the city. At the age of 8 he stole $40 and has since committed arson and attempted to commit murder.

David Jones, of Elwood, Ind., has become known to medical men in that region of late years because of the peculiar periods of sleeplessness that come upon him at irregular intervals. One of these began on November 12, and from that day up to last Monday he had not slept at all, day or night. His health continued excellent, and he is usually but little disturbed by these peculiar attacks.

Nothing is ever lost by being pleasant and agreeable. You ask for two pounds of steak—no more, no less. One butcher growls that he can't cut off just two pounds, and you leave him, thoroughly vexed. At the next stall the man of meat hears your request with unruffled visage, cuts off a pound and a half, slaps it into the scale and out again in double-quick time, rolls it up neatly, and says with a sweet smile, "Just two pounds, ma'am." He is the man who succeeds.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A smart dancing frock for a little girl is make of pale green crepon, with an embroidered silken flower scattered over it. The skirt measures 12 yards around, and is gored instead of plaited, and this is a special advantage, as it renders it amenable to the lengthening process. The yoke and full epaulettes are made of beurre colored embroidery. The collar band is made of white satin, beaded with a frill of embroidery, and trimmed on either side by a white satin bow. The white satin shoulder straps are bordered with the embroidery. The bishop sleeve is made of white satin, and is drawn into a cuff of beurre-colored embroidery, adorned by a bow of white satin ribbon.

Another frock is made of ivory-white silk, trimmed with cream-colored lace and white satin ribbon. It is accordion plaited from the neck, and is embellished by a yoke-like collar, plaited over the shoulders, being made of white satin covered with cream-colored lace. The neck is encircled with a ruche of white satin ribbon. At the waist line in the front is a strap of white satin, covered with lace, and enriched at either end by a chou of white ribbon. The accordion-plaited sleeve terminates at the elbow, and is quite plain.

A smart dress is made of white crepe, with a faint line of blue in it. The full skirt has a chou of blue satin ribbon placed on either side of the front near the hem.

The front of the full bodice has a band of blue satin, edged with cream-colored lace extending from the neck to the waist. Deep flounces of the lace are arranged on the shoulders. The belt is made of blue satin ribbon and is finished at the back with a bow and long floating ends of the same. The blue ribbon collar band has a ribbon chou on each side of the front. The puff sleeve extends a little below the elbow, where it is trimmed with a flounce of lace.

Another pretty frock is made of a pretty taffeta with a rose ground, over which are scattered blue forget-me nots. The full plain skirt is mounted on a square yoke of white satin covered with ecru guipure lace. The shoulders are adorned by slashed epaulettes of the lace-covered satin, edged with a ruffle of rose colored satin ribbon. The neck is finished by a small frill of lace. The leg-of-mutton sleeves are trimmed at the hand by a lace cuff, mounted on white satin.

The novelty of the moment is a sable shoulder cape called the "Trilby," and it is cut full and pointed back and front and on the shoulders, which makes it very becoming. Collarettes made with a yoke and a ruffle of fur, box-plaited all around, are very chic with the high standing collar, which is arranged to roll down quite as gracefully, and is a feature of all the fur garments this season, whether they are tiny capes or fur coats. Chinchilla is distinctly in favor this season for many of those minor elegancies and still longer capes, but it is not becoming to everyone. Fluffy furs, like sable, mink and black marten, are the prettiest for boas, and heads and tails are both used in decorations. One sable boa is round, and flattened a little to measure four inches in width, and meets in front with a head and paws on either side, and innumerable tails hanging below. Others are made of the whole skin, cross over in front, and are finished off with six tails. Boas with whole ends which are entirely covered with tails are very popular, and some boas are so long that four whole skins are used in making them. Lace and velvet flowers are used to brighten up these fur novelties for evening wear. And something different in neckwear is a ruffle of white chiffon, which resembles a rope with frills around it. The foundation is a twist of chiffon, and the chiffon ruffle which is set around its edge with black lace and finished at the ends with lace in a wider width. Norwegian marten, using the head and five or six tails, makes a very stylish boa.

Novelties in the art of hair dressing are appropriated with great celerity by the women who delight in variety of any sort, and especially in the little wave of interest or admiration they create by novel coiffures in evening dress. Another charm which leads some women to change the styles of doing up the hair with every varying shade of fashion is the marvellous difference it makes in their appearance, giving a new phase of expression and type with every alteration. The head, however, must be almost perfect in shape to make a success of varying hairdressing.

The latest evening coiffures are very fantastic in style and some decoration is necessary to make them quite in fashion. All sorts of diamond ornaments, between the gorgeous tiaras and tiny jeweled pins, which tremble and glisten on the end of a spiral wire, are worn, and butterfly wings are especially effective, either long and pointed, standing high above the head, or wide and spreading, as they are most becoming. Very showy coronets are formed on wire with metallic beads in variegated colors, and enamelled ornaments set with tiny jewels are another novelty. For those who cannot afford diamond decorations there are white aigrettes arranged to tower very high. The latest novelty is two narrow white feathers, standing stiffly up from the back and curling forwards at the ends. This style of head dress is seen often in the opera boxes and is an effective change among so many diamonds.

In the details and accessories of dress that stand out conspicuously as the distinctive feature of really new things in fashion this year, and the supply of novelties in decoration, design and combination of color has not been equal to the increasing demand for variety. The possibilities of effect gained by the use of many colors in one gown have been studied with great care by the fashion designers, and some very novel combinations may be recorded to the year's credit. English velvets, brocaded satins, rich silks and the daintiest gauze materials of exquisite coloring, with the finest laces, rare embroideries and jewelled trimmings make up the extravagant side of the present fabric of fashion, and it would not seem that another year could produce anything more beautiful in color or texture than already exists. The very lavish use of lace during the last two years has given fresh impetus to the manufacture of laces, and most wonderful imitations of the old-time hand-made pillow laces are the result.

Dainty laces are the refinement of dress decoration, and no matter how plain the gown a little fine lace rightly distributed will make it dainty. Mechlin lace is especially fashionable, and some of the finest patterns are revived in silk, while Renaissance, Chantilly, point d'Alencon and point d'Angleterre are quite as desirable. With entire gowns of velvet and fur, and real laces at the heads, the fashions are, indeed, charmingly extravagant. There is an immediate prospect of a change in the interest of economy. Jeweled girdles, belts and clasps, together with the lavish use of fancy and expensive buttons, have established their claim for favor during the past year. The Louis XV. coat bodice is another revival of fashion which has come to us. Still another which is threatened is the long shoulder seam that has been agitated without any serious results yet. Bodices differing in color and material from the rest of the gown have developed unlimited variety, and round waists still hold their own with the coats and basque frills. The threatened fashion for bodices like the skirts and sleeves has not yet suppressed the convenient silk waist, and it bids fair to prosper for some time to come.

Odds and Ends.

SOME EXCELLENT COOKING RECIPES.

Marrow Toast.—The butcher will break up the marrow bone, and from it the marrow should be taken in as large pieces as possible. Put these into a saucepan of boiling water, rather highly salted; when the marrow has boiled for one minute drain it through a strainer. Have ready a slice of crisp, brown toast, place the marrow upon it and put it before the fire for two or three minutes; sprinkle with salt, pepper and chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

Italian Meat Cakes.—Mince finely any kind of cold meat which is free from gristle and skin, add to it a little minced fat of ham or bacon, a teaspoonful of chopped spring onion, parsley and fresh herbs, a few drops of anchovy, pepper and salt to season well, and an egg to bind the whole. Make into small round flat cakes, cover on both sides with beaten egg and bread raspings, fry them in a little good dripping until lightly browned, then drain the cakes and make a garnish of them around a small mound of savory macaroni, cooked beans, peas or spinach, pouring a little thickened gravy round the base.

Scalloped Crab.—Take the meat out of the shell, cut it in small pieces; to every four tablespoonfuls of meat add one of fine breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of oiled butter, a little cayenne pepper, salt, a small quantity of finely chopped parsley, and a squeeze of lemon-juice; mix all together, butter some scallop shells, fill them with the mixture, sift fine breadcrumbs over the top, and put on some little lumps of butter; cook in the oven until lightly browned, then serve. Suitable at lunch, dinner or supper.

Beef with Kidney.—Take a quarter of a pound of ox kidney, cut it lengthwise in four pieces, then cut the pieces in thin slices so that they may resemble sliced sheep's kidneys, dredge flour over, stirring the pieces as you dredge. Put a small lump of butter in a brown jar that is not too big round, add a little pinch of white sugar and a very small onion, whole, then put in the kidney. Cover the jar and put in a moderately hot oven for twenty minutes; remove from the oven, take a pound and a half of beef, flour it all over, put in with the kidney, cover and bake for a quarter of an hour, then add a little pepper and salt and sufficient tepid water to nearly cover the meat, and bake (keeping the cover well on the jar; it is a good plan to put a small weight on the top) in a very moderate oven from two to four hours. Fillet, steak, or even shin of beef will do for this dish, fillet will be quite done enough in two hours, but shin requires four hours. When done, remove the fat from the top. At the moment of serving add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, do not cook the parsley at all. Cold beef cut in thin slices rolled and put on skewers (which are removed before serving) may very well be used for this dish; but then, the kidneys must have the water added to them after they have been in the oven for half an hour, and must be cooked another hour before the cold meat is put in.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.—Take three ounces of macaroni, break it in pieces about an inch long, boil in water with a little salt until tender, then drain on a sieve. Take half the contents of a tin of tomatoes, rub through a sieve and put in a saucepan with the macaroni and a piece of butter the size of a filbert, cook together a few minutes, and serve with roast mutton, round a hash, or alone; or before serving stir in a large tablespoonful of grated cheese, and send to table as a savory.

To Drain After Frying.—Most cooks drain fish, rissoles, cutlets, etc., on paper; soft pieces of cotton or thick soft muslin answer the purpose better, they can be so easily folded over on to the top of the articles and absorb all the fat very quickly. Of course, they are washed and used over and over again.

A Ragout of Veal.—Take about two pounds of breast of veal, which should be cut into pieces two to three inches long. Dip each piece into seasoned flour, and place in a stewpan with also some inch long pieces of salt bacon. Over the meat lay two or three small onions split in half, two or three young carrots, or in winter-time a slice of parsnip, and add a spoonful of chopped parsley with the same of fresh or dried mint. Cover with lukewarm stock or water, place the lid over and stew gently for a couple of hours. Lift the portions of meat out on to a dish, strain the gravy, and slightly color it if it seems well to do so, and add to it a tablespoonful of capers with vinegar; pour over the meat and serve at once.

Mutton Pies.—For breakfast or supper. One or two slices of underdone mutton, and any odd scraps which have any gristly bits about them, should be minced together in a wooden bowl till quite fine, when add to the mince a good tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a liberal pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a few bread crumbs, and enough good gravy to make the mixture quite moist.

Line some patty pans with very good short paste, place a spoonful of the mince on the middle, cover with an upper crust, and bake in a rather hot oven until well crisp and brown. These may be eaten either hot or cold, but are most savory when freshly baked.

A Miroton of Beef.—The scraps that remain from a roast of beef or beefsteak will make a delicious and economical dish treated thus: Cut them into small, thin pieces, trim them nicely and put them by to become hot through, but not to boil, or they will be rendered tough, in a good savory gravy, slightly thick. This gravy will be delicious if made by stewing together two or three fresh tomatoes, a young onion, and a few fresh leaves of herbs in an ounce of beef dripping, then crushing these through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of dried flour with salt and pepper, which work together until quite smooth; stir in a teacupful of stock made from bones, bring the gravy to a boil, and then it is ready for the meat to be put in. Have some good potatoes ready boiled, mash them thoroughly with a little milk and pinch of salt. Make a wall of potato around a dish, leaving a "well" in the centre, which fill up with the beef. The surface of the potato may be ornamented with the sprinkling of chopped parsley, but the whole must be kept and served very hot, and then it will be found a most savory composition.

GAMBLING IN MEXICO.—Enter a Mexican gambling saloon when things are a little slack, and you will see the habitues of the monte table discussing the topics of the day, while they roll their cigarettes and loll back in their chairs as if they had met for no other purpose.

Seated on a chair a little removed from the table is a man who has probably inhabited the gambling saloon for days past. He is now overcome with sleep, and as he sits with his legs crossed and his head rocking from side to side one wonders how he can keep his seat or how it is that his greasy tall hat does not topple off.

Then you will see an unshaven, ill-kempt fellow, nursing his knee and moodily gazing at the roulette table for hours, while the little ball spins around and the croupier rakes in the coin and hands out the winnings with machine-like deftness and accuracy.

No one ever suspects the croupier. Nine out of ten of those who bet and win have no idea of what is coming to them. But they take what the croupier gives them as a matter of course. He has no inducement to cheat, for the bank is not his, and anyway the bank must win in the long run, come what may.

A Chinaman may saunter in to give some animation to the table. He asks for no chips, but wagers hard, cold silver. Where the Mexican lays $1 he will lay $5, and oftener than not he wins.

With the absence of undignified hurry and eagerness peculiar to the oriental he does not take in his winnings at once, but produces a cigarette, rolls and lights it, and then lays hold of his dollars.

You will be sure to see at any table a mild lunatic with paper and pencil before him, noting each point, and slowly laying the foundations of a "new and infallible system." As if there were any way of obviating the law of nature.

Now and then a young gambler will enter, bringing with him into the heavy-laden atmosphere a gust of fresh air from the street.

He will bet and have a run of luck that will draw to him the attention of all the lack-luster eyes that surround the table. One or more will gradually sidle up to him, and with parched, trembling lips ask him where he is going to place his money and ask leave to follow his lead.

Where but round the gambling table do you see so many and such striking examples of statuesque immobility? You count not by minutes but for hours the time that the gray-haired votary of chance has sat with his hands folded on the table and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

And how much longer will he stay in that posture? Perhaps until the lamps are turned off in the gray morning or until he summons up energy enough to stagger off to the pawnshop to raise a pittance.

And that man who has sat so long with his head buried in his hands, what is he thinking of? Perhaps of the home as it was once, and it might have been still.

A sprinkling of Anglo-Saxons is generally there to give heightened piquancy to the scene. A "sporty" railroad conductor just in from his run perhaps goes there to try his luck, and you may see the tattered, demoralised specimen of his race, who in sheer pity has been given a trial and turned off by all the American enterprises in Mexico. How does he get a living now?

PARSIMONY.—One day a boorish client entered a lawyer's office and found him writing. The stranger took a seat, and after informing the lawyer that he had come to consult him on a matter of some importance, observed, "My father died and made a will."

"You say," remarked the lawyer, writing steadily, "your father died and made a will."

"Yes, sir, my father died and made a will."

"Humph!" still writing and paying no attention.

"I say, Mr. Call, my father died and made a will."

"Very strange!" writing and not noticing his client.

"Mr. Call, I say again," taking out his purse and placing a fee on the table, "my father made a will and died."

"Oh, now we may understand each other," said the lawyer, all attention; "your father made a will before he died. Why didn't you say so at first? Well, now, go on, let's hear."

OUR SIMIAN COUSINS.

THE gorilla walks in a semi-upright position, knees very much bent, using its long arms as crutches. It does not, however, lay the palms of its hands on the ground, as to do so would bring it too much forward on all-fours, but its second finger-joints instead—a habit which has denuded those joints of hair.

Now, here comes in a striking coincidence, for, if one holds up the back of his hand to the light, it will be observed that the fine hairs dispersed elsewhere over it are entirely absent from the place indicated.

It is manifest, according to the theory of descent, that the closest resemblances between men and monkeys should occur between the lower races of the former and the highest of the latter, and that this is the fact is certainly indubitable.

The negro's profile—his protuberant jaws, retreating forehead, and flat nose—is strangely like that of the ape's. He projecting ears, length of arm, shortness of neck, thickness and shape of skull, lightness and conformation of brain, etc., all point in the same direction.

Similarly to apes, the lower races of mankind are unable to oppose their thumbs and forefingers with any effect. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine tells us how he tested a Bushman in this matter. "Pinch my finger," he told him—"pinch much harder," he urged; but the pressure "would not have injured a fly."

Polynesians, Malays, and other inferior races make use of their outstretched great toes in climbing trees, after the manner of monkeys. Children, likewise, can take a strong grip with the great toe, and if a spoon be inserted, they can hold it as firmly with the foot as with the hand.

The arms of monkeys are long and strong, and facilitate their movements in trees; and when the females would escape from their numerous forest foes, they are compelled to use both hands, and thus the young ones must save themselves by clinging to their mothers as best they can.

It has been shown by Dr. Louis Robinson that in newly-born children this development of arm and strength of grip is absolutely amazing.

"I have now records of upwards of sixty cases," he states, "in which the children were under a month old, and in at least half of these the experiment was tried within an hour of birth.

"In every instance, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or a small stick by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and sustain the whole weight of its body for at least ten seconds.

"In twelve cases, infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed; and in three or four, nearly a minute. In order to satisfy some sceptical friends, I had a series of photographs taken of infants clinging to a finger or to a walking-stick.

"Invariably the thighs are bent nearly at right angles to the body, and in no case did the lower limbs hang down and take the attitude of the erect position.

"This attitude, and the disproportionately large development of the arms compared with the legs, gave photographs a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the celebrated chimpanzee in the Zoo."

This disproportionate strength of arm, which appears to have come down as a kind of relic of days spent in primeval woods, seems, like other of the facts alluded to, only explicable on the theory of descent.

The way children first walk with their toes pointed inwards has also been observed to be peculiarly monkey-like. Fortunately, as they acquire more the special characteristics of their own race, they outgrow many ways and tricks which render their appellation of "little monkeys" rather appropriate.

When a monkey has achieved some mischievous trick, the manner it draws back the corners of its mouth and wrinkles its eyelids resembles a human smile very closely; and its habit in alarm of rapidly raising and lowering its eyebrows and forehead may be noticed in a minor degree in some men when much excited.

Raising the eyebrows, opening wide the eyes, and showing more or less of the whites, is to be observed as a vestige of this habit in nearly every one when startled or surprised, but perhaps more in women than in men.

It has been asserted that, in using fire, man differs fundamentally from all the lower animals; but Emin Pasha reports having seen numbers of apes walking in single file, carrying torches, on a night expedition to rob an orchard. Besides man, only apes use implements. They break off branches from clubs, open oysters with stones, and hurl missiles of various kinds with great dexterity.

The deceased chimpanzee "Sally" gave rise to much reflection by her intelligent ways. Without any difficulty or mistake, she would hand visitors, at their request, any stated number of straws up to at least ten, and, on occasions, she has been known by her keeper to count up to twenty.

She knew right from left, would use a spoon, and sip with it until the cup was empty. Some savages there are who are unable to count above three; many cannot enumerate beyond the number of their fingers; and thus it will not be denied that her intelligence was, by comparison, most remarkable.

It is amusing to notice that, even with respect to the habit of fainting, a weakness usually considered so peculiarly human, we are resembled by simians. Mrs. Martin, in her entertaining work on South Africa, speaking of the apes of that region, draws the likeness with striking effect.

"Sarah," an interesting young female baboon, was sometimes made the victim of rude practical jokes, one of which ended in the grotesque manner referred to.

"She dearly loved sweets," says Mrs. Martin, "which were often given to her wrapped up in a multitude of papers, one inside the other. It was amusing to watch the patient and deliberate manner in which she would unfold each paper in turn, taking the greatest care never to tear one, and proceeding with all the caution of a good Mohammedan fearful of inadvertently injuring a portion of the Koran.

"This time, instead of the expected titbit, a dead night-adder was wrapped up and presented. When she unfolded the innermost paper, and the snake slipped out, with a horrid writhe, across her hand, Sarah quietly sank backwards and fainted away, her lips turning perfectly white.

"By dint of throwing water over her, chafing her hands, and bathing her lips with brandy, she was revived from her swoon, though not without some difficulty." Truly an ape like joke!

To a greater or lesser degree, most animals are able to express certain of their desires, feelings, and ideas, by various sounds and cries; but that this power approaches in simians to a kind of articulate speech was in 1894 set forth with much circumstantiality by Mr. Garner.

This gentleman subsequently went to study the ape language in the wilds of Africa, where, protected in a cage of patent construction, he professed to have been able, by means of phonographs, to acquire the original dialect in its native purity! But he seems not to have verified his claims by results.

A LEARNED JUDGE.

ONE of the first mummies brought into Europe from the East gave rise to a most dramatic adventure. About a hundred years ago an antiquary, returning from Grand Cairo, brought a mummy with him, presumed to be at least three thousand six hundred years old.

Our savant, tired of the diligences in which he had been traveling from Marseilles, took a barge at Fontainebleau, which landed him safe and sound at Port St. Bernard. Eager to see his family, he had his effects loaded on a litter, but left his precious mummy in the bottom of the boat.

The custom-house officer, on boarding it, discovered a box of a strange shape and aspect. Suspecting it to contain contraband goods, he had it opened. What a spectacle! A woman swathed in linen bandages from head to foot! No doubt this was a wretched victim strangled by a jealous lover or a grasping heir.

The commissary of police was instantly sent for, and made his appearance, flanked by two surgeons as skilful as himself in archæology. The crime was recognised, a report made of it, and the body transported to the Morgue, that the friends might come and identify it.

It is presumed that none of them made their appearance. Our learned traveler, the next day, bethought himself of his greatest curiosity. He flew to the boat, when the learned commissary and three minions of the law seized him, and dragged him before the magistrate.

"Aha, my fine fellow," cried the latter, "we've got you."

"Will your honor favor me with the reason of this extraordinary proceeding?"

"It remains for you, sir, to explain the circumstances of the murder you have committed."

"Murder that I have committed!" cried the savant, aghast.

"Or at least the crime in which you were an accomplice."

"Good heavens!" said the learned man, "your worship is dreaming."

"No, sir; you'll find me wide awake, to your cost. The eye of justice never closes. Did not my officers discover the body of your victim, strangled and shut up in a box? Here's the report of the discovery, duly sealed, signed, and attested."

"Is that all?" said the antiquary, with a hearty laugh.

"Hardened ruffian," cried the judge. "Do you indulge in levity with the shadow of a crime so black hanging over your head? Now, sir, look me in the face, and answer the questions I shall put. By whom was that young girl placed in the box in which she was discovered?"

"By myself, sir," he replied.

"Who swathed her with linen bandages from head to foot?"

"I did, your honor."

"Write down, Mr. Clerk, that he admits his crime."

"The expression is rather strong, sir," said the antiquary.

"The deed is heinous," said the judge. "How old was this girl?"

"About nineteen years," was the reply.

"Of what country?" continued the judge.

"Memphis, I think," said the antiquary.

"When did her death take place?"

"About three thousand six hundred years ago."

"Prisoner! how dare you indulge in this misplaced levity?" exclaimed the judge.

"I am not joking, sir. I assure you the deceased lived in the reign of one of the Pharaohs."

"I'll put handcuffs on you, rascal," said the exasperated judge.

"Your honor," said the prisoner, sternly, "this pleasantry has been carried too far. And let me say, sir, that you are the most marvellously ignorant man that ever sat upon the bench. Where were you brought up that you haven't even suspected that for two days you have been holding an investigation on the pretended murder of an Egyptian mummy!"

"A mummy!" exclaimed the judge.

"Of course, sir," said the antiquary: "and if you had conducted your examination properly, you would know that you are addressing Count de D——, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres."

"My lord," said the judge, "I beg a thousand pardons. I hope your lordship will forget——"

"I will forget every thing," he interrupted. "Give me my mummy, and try in future to obtain experts who will come a little nearer than three or four thousand years in guessing at the date of a person's death."

The magistrate, very much mortified at his blunder, gave up the mummy, but he never heard the last of the story.

TURKISH CATECHISM.—Q. How dost thou expect to find favor of the Almighty or reward His goodness?

A. By promoting his religion and a charitable pity of my fellow-creatures.

Q. How will you extend the charity enjoined you?

A. By erecting public inns for entertaining poor benighted pilgrims, by giving freely to the poor as much as I can spare, redeeming slaves and looking upon the beasts which serve our uses with a mild compassion.

Q. How are you to pity beasts or birds which serve you?

A. When an ox, ass, horse, dog, mule or camel has for many years been truly serviceable, I must let him graze in peace about my grounds and live the rest of his disabled life entirely free from toil or drudgery as a reward for all his former labors.

Q. What else are you required to do to such poor animals?

A. I am obliged to load my camels and all other beasts of burden favorably and with pity; buy the birds that pine in cages for their absent mates, and let them fly away to seek lost liberty.

THE truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere or his actions shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

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She glides like a dream from my vision
In the morning all dewy and gray;
A nymph from the gardens Elysian
She dashes and flashes away!
Past meadows and groves where the singing
Of birds all melodious swells,
My heart hears the silvery ringing
Of the beautiful bicycle bells!

Wringing belles—Washerwomen.

Query—Does it hurt a joke to crack it?

A bad style of arithmetic—Division among families.

Policemen are sometimes of use in arresting a fire.

Rule of three—Wife, mother-in-law and maiden aunt.

When may a ship at sea be said not to be on water? When she is on fire.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

The young lady who was "driven to distraction" is now afraid she will have to walk back.

A youthful inquirer wants to know whether a railway map can be called a line engraving.

Some men are known by the company they keep, and others by the umbrellas they fail to return.

A young girl who recently married a millionaire is now said to have an old head on young shoulders.

The difference between a suburbanite and a professional cyclist is that one races for his train and the other trains for his race.

After a deal of discussion at the pottery as to which side of the jug to put the handle, it was decided to put it on the outside.

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

At the close of a long and laborious sermon by a local pastor on Sunday he very appropriately gave out the hymn, "Awake and Sing."

Hoax: There's a man that makes his money by good headwork.

Joax: An author, eh?

Hoax: No; a barber.

Nell: Mr. Sophtcope said I was a perfect picture.

Belle: Yes; he asked me where you bought your color.

Aunt Matilda: Why do you look so utterly wretched, Jimmie?

Jimmie: I'm on good behavior, ma'am, when we has company!

Newly married daughter: Mamma, how long does the honeymoon last?

Practical parent: Until you ask your husband for money, my dear.

Miss Passee: I understand you do handsome work and make very pretty pictures.

Photographer: Yes, miss; but I could make a natural likeness of you, if you prefer it.

Miss Wabash: Will I see you at Thornborne's masquerade to-morrow?

Mr. Beaconstreet: Yes; I shall go as a monk.

Miss Wabash: Oh, how lovely! And will a hurdy-gurdy man have you on a string?

Our tiny morsel of humanity was intently watching the building of a wall. Presently she came running in, bubbling over with excitement: "Oh, daddy, do turn and see ze men buttering ze bricks!"

"Did your fall hurt you?" asked one Irishman of another who had fallen from a three-story building.

"Not in the laste, honey," replied the other; "but it was stopping so quick that injured me."

One of our contemporaries says that a young lady, on being asked whether she had ever been to Rome, replied, in a hesitating manner:

"Rome? Rome? Let me see. Did we go to Rome? Oh, Yes! That is where we saw a woman shaving a dog on the steps of a church."

The village wag thought he would have some fun with the mild-mannered young man who had recently taken charge of the country paper.

"I say," he said, coming into the office excitedly, "there's a man on the street looking for you with a club."

The young editor looked up pleasantly.

"Is that so?" he inquired. "We make special reductions to clubs. How many subscribers has he got?"

A Frenchman who had bravely filled a place in the ranks during the war with Prussia, recently sought employment from a well-known General of his own nationality. The private soldier had been unfortunate enough to have his nose carried away in action by a bullet, and his appearance was so singular that his late superior officer shouted with laughter upon beholding him.

"Where the deuce, my dear fellow, did you lose your nose?" he asked.

"I lost it, General," replied the private, "in the same battle where you lost your head."

WOMAN'S "WON'T" IN GREENLAND.—When the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the present style of courtship as follows:

The suitor coming to the missionary said, "I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary.

The man names the woman.

"Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes; she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind."

More frequently the answer is "No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl, and, after a little conversation, says, "I think it is time to have thee married.

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I had a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who has sought his aid."

"He is good for nothing. I won't have him."

"But," replies the missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill, and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers, "I won't have him."

"Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent, as though he understood her "No" to have ended the matter.

At last, with a sigh, she whispers, "Just as thou wilt have it."

"No," replies the clergymen, "as thou wilt; I'll not persuade thee."

Then with a deep groan comes "Yes," and the matter is settled.

THE want of occupation is no less the plague of society than of solitude. Nothing is so apt to narrow the mind; nothing produces more trifling, silly stories, mischief making lies; when occupied, we only speak when we have something to say; but when we are doing nothing we are compelled to be always talking, and of all torments that is the most annoying and dangerous.

TURNER is a doorkeeper in an Edinburgh Theatre so very strict that he won't admit an argument unless it has a ticket.

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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.35, 8.08, 9.10, 10.15, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.39 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.35, 8.08, 10.10 a m, 12.14, 2.45, 6.12, 8.39 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

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For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 6.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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